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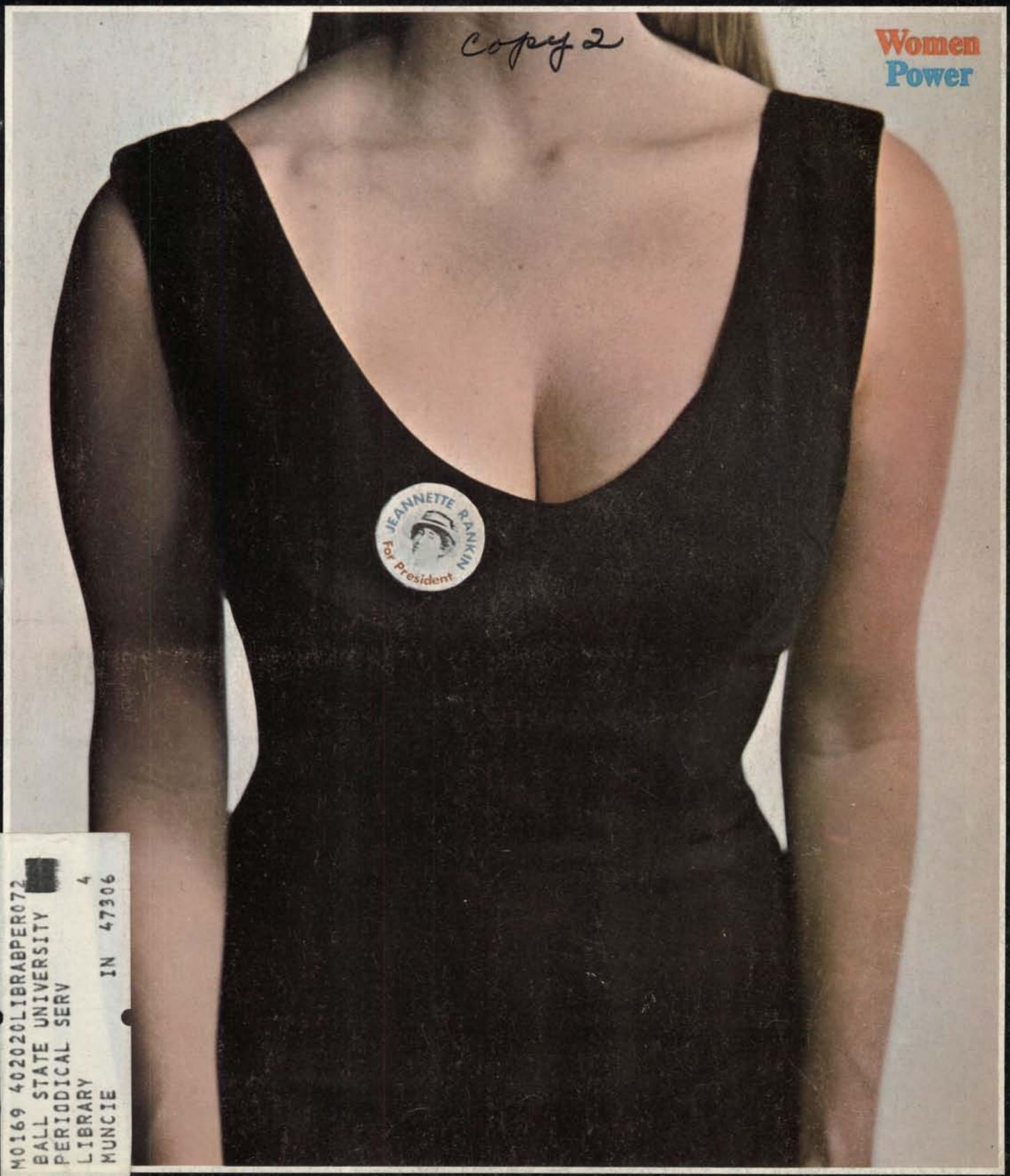

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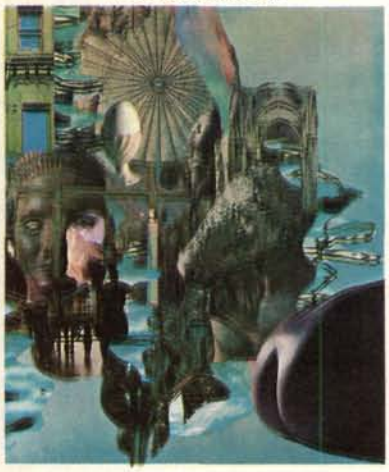

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

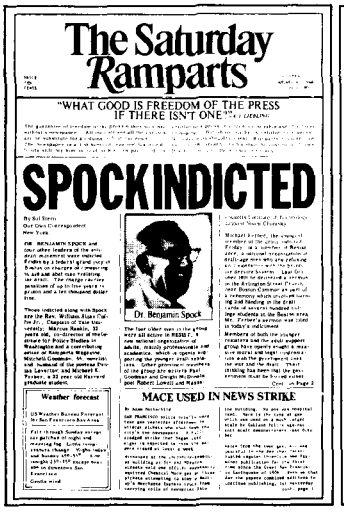
(C SAN FRANCISCO, January 7(AP)—RAMPARTS magazine stepped into San Francisco's newspaperless void Saturday with a four-page "Saturday Ramparts." It said it planned to publish daily "as a community service" until regular newspapers reappear.

Editor Warren Hinckle of the monthly magazine said the little newspaper's first run was 40,000 copies and would be distributed at key Bay Area sales points.

Another RAMPARTS spokesman said Sunday's edition would be eight pages with TV schedules and sports news as well as general news. He said there would also be a color comic entitled "Roger Ruthless and the CIA."

Saturday's RAMPARTS paper carried the indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and three others in Boston as its main front page story. It also had an account of the newspaper strike in San Francisco and an editorial by RAMPARTS' vice president, Dr. Gerald M. Feigen criticizing both the management and unions involved in the struck newspapers.

"There is no freedom of the press without a press," wrote Feigen.


The Saturday Ramparts
"WHAT GOOD IS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IF THERE ISN'T ONE"
SPOCK INDICTED
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Weather forecast
MACE USED IN NEWS STRIKE

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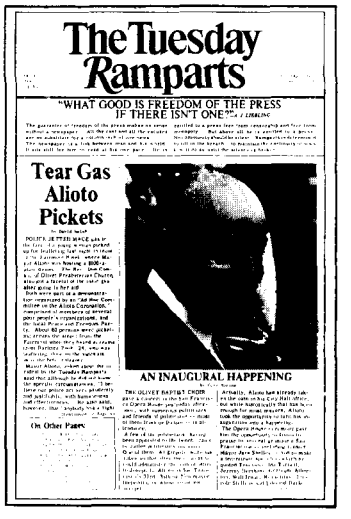
The Tuesday Ramparts
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AN INAUGURAL HAPPENING
On Other Pages

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Marginalia

Editorial:

THE REPRESSION AT HOME

IN HIS ESSAY "On Genocide" (p. 35) Jean-Paul Sartre describes the war in Vietnam as a war "of example," an admonition to those who would challenge the status of American power. The indictments of Dr. Benjamin Spock, Marcus Raskin, Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Mitchell Goodman and Michael Ferber show that the admonition is directed at home as well as abroad. It is more than a crackdown; it is a provocation and, in an important sense, a test.

The government is not continuing the isolated intimidation, picking off unknown kids; it is going after precisely those men who seem invulnerable because of their stature. It is not using an undramatic charge carrying a sentence of a few weeks; it charges felonious conspiracy, threatening up to five years in prison. And it almost explicitly seeks to penalize speech. This new act of repression represents a fundamental break with previous handling of opposition to the Vietnam war—and it forebodes a greater desperation.

Until this point, the government has sought, as far as possible, to trivialize dissent rather than to repress it. Its message to the public has been clear: certainly lawlessness must be punished. But there is no need to do anything drastic. The demonstrators are not that significant: we can handle them. Everything is under control.

The government has been terribly anxious to avoid the appearance of a national crackdown, of hysteria, of McCarthyism. It has been careful because, aside from its precarious international image, it did not want to consolidate anti-war sentiment around a decisive case, and it did not want to stimulate the often sleepy forces of civil-libertarian liberalism into support for militant opposition to the war.

Now the rules have been broken. One has to look back to the McCarthy period for comparable violations, and even then they are difficult to find. The Spock case will undoubtedly be one of the most important political trials in American history. America's Dr. Spock is an unlikely enemy, precisely because he is so eminently *American*. He will be difficult to vilify. Even for a people that has believed so many lies, that is too much to ask.

It is perhaps too early even to speculate why this action has been risked. On its face, it appears to be the first step in a master plan for an awesome crackdown on dissent; or, it may be what liberals in the Justice Department feel is their limited response to the enormous pressure from the congressional right wing for such a crackdown—avoiding for the moment mass arrests by selecting "token arrestees" for a test case.

But no matter how complex or simple the motivation, the administration's action represents a heinous repression of freedom at home.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED that, having elevated intellectuals to an important place in the apparatus of power, our society would not then tolerate those intellectuals turning on it, accusing it. The government understood that intellectuals were peculiarly sensitive people who required a certain amount of freedom. But the government is saying, "Let us understand about this freedom. You may play with it, you may amuse yourselves, even at our expense, but you may not use it effectively against us. Since you have begun to do this, you must be punished."

In 1964, President Johnson personally thanked Dr. Spock for his help in his presidential campaign. Four years later he has had his attorney general charge Spock with conspiracy. The change in Johnson's response toward this man is significant because it shows both how far Spock has moved and how important he has been. And Spock is not alone. His co-defendant Marcus Raskin was a presidential advisor. And there are thousands of others, perhaps less directly important to the government, and less dramatic in breaking with it, but who constitute a potent threat which can not be indefinitely ignored. And now it seems that these people are to be taught a lesson.

RAMPARTS has particular concern with this case because one of the defendants, Marcus Raskin, is also one of our editors. Of course, we support him and the rest as men of conscience who see the moral necessity to encourage young men to resist the draft and refuse to cooperate with the Selective Service System.

A year ago, the phrase, "fill the jails" was simply a slogan. It now has meaning; lines have been drawn. If these five go to jail and thousands of others do not follow them, we can forget about serious opposition to the war and civil liberties in this country. We are all on the spot. The rash actions can no longer be left to the kids, while the Ph.D.s are "more effective" by playing safe. If these five men are conspirators, then we must become a nation of conspirators. If we do not stand with them, it is impossible to see where the repression at home, and the oppression abroad, will stop.

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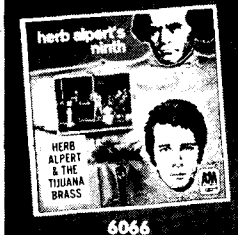

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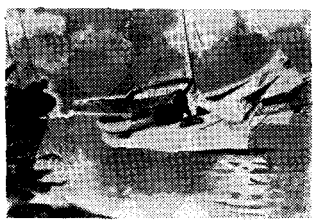

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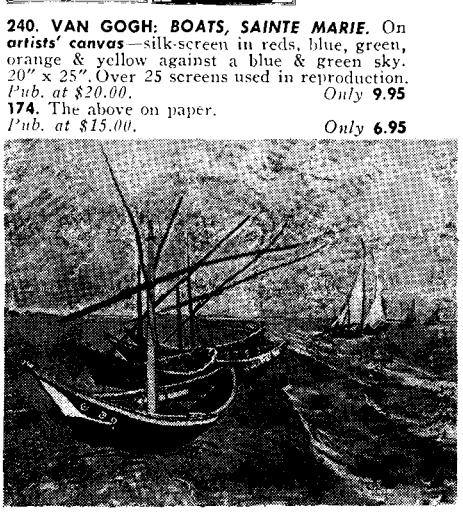

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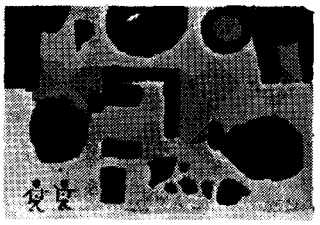

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Letters:

THE DISSENTERS

SIRS: The editorial essay in the December RAMPARTS is a most thought-provoking and substantial article. Indeed, it is the most expressive protest against the war since Martin Luther King wrote his essay for the May RAMPARTS. It effectively points out the moral dilemma faced every day by America's youth.

I am 17 and will soon have to register with my friendly Selective Service System. And I oppose the war. Others are asked to actually die for their country and must decide, but for me registration is the only decision I now have to make.

The existential absurdity of our lives is now a fact. We can register and give tacit support to the system (and the war). Or, we can become infamous "draft-dodgers," and either go to jail or leave the country. The latter decision is absurd, since we are then silenced from effective protest. We can hang ourselves, but lack the courage. We can march on the streets, which is a near-useless form of protest. We can join an activist humanitarian group, but this only helps the victims; it does not help stop the war. We can physically fight the system, but lack the power and philosophical desire to be effective. We can allow ourselves to be drafted, but, to a serious opponent of the war, this is unthinkable.

It seems we have lost the power to rule ourselves. We have become pawns in an asinine game of life-or-death chess.

MICHAEL REILLY
Toms River, New Jersey

SIRS: Burning your draft cards is not enough. Chop off your "trigger finger!"

DONALD J. BLACKWOOD
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIRS: As a dissenter from the war, for both moral and political reasons, I find myself reading RAMPARTS with greater sympathy each month as the fury of the war mounts. However, I take issue with your December editorial essay, "The Redress of Their Grievances," endorsing, in effect, resistance over mere "responsible" dissent. I do this on two grounds:

1) I question your assumption that the political processes of this nation have yet been convincingly shown to be impotent. After all, the really crucial stage —the 1968 Presidential campaign—is still in its infancy.

2) I question the morality of the violent dissenters—and I use the word "morality" very deliberately.

I *suppose there is something very* satisfying to an individual's psyche in refusing to compromise with the warmakers—in expressing one's disgust with the war by burning a flag or draft card, or spitting on a cop, or shouting obscenities—but in terms of its actual impact on halting the bombing, the napalming of civilians, the rape of Vietnam, the redirection of national resources, I wonder if it isn't counterproductive. I wonder if it doesn't prolong the agony rather than hasten its demise.

JOHN C. SHEA
West Chester, Pennsylvania

SIRS: Your December editorial essay said it all. "Respectable dissent" on the issue of Vietnam is no longer workable against the present administration; the fact that we are expected to dissent (if we *must*) from this country's monstrous Vietnam policy in the same manner we would dissent from, say, the construction of a new town hall, shows quite graphically how irrational the situation has become. We cannot hope to attain our goals by disagreeing with the Establishment's game if we play by the Establishment's rules.

PETER BITTEL
Hartford, Connecticut

SIRS: You made a serious mistake in printing your December cover, and tarnished your reputation. Granted, the draft laws are unfair, and General Hershey is a deluded, senile old man liv-

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ing in the past, but what can a burned draft card possibly solve?

Furthermore, you now run the risk of being labeled communist by the all-powerful (albeit insane) Establishment.

JIM CUSHING
Beverly Hills, California

SIRS: I cannot begin to express my deep appreciation of your editorial. Is James Reston going to insist on pursuing the moderate course when it is obvious that it is not working and other "reasonable" men around him are changing theirs? The answer to date is evident, and I for one am not going to be as charitable toward him as you are. For all practical purposes he has "sold out."

ALICE G. HARRIS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SIRS: The excerpts from "Channeling" [RAMPARTS, December 1967], following your brilliant essay, "The Redress of Their Grievances," should convince the most skeptical reader that, politically, the year is 1983. For some time, the Defense Department has been almost indistinguishable from Oceania's Ministry of Peace; the administration's lies, distortions and baby-talking euphemisms have sounded like the Ministry of Truth; the FBI, with its bugging and wiretapping, has adopted the basic snooping tactics of the Thought Police; and the HUAC has tried to institute Thought-crime. The Selective Service System's expanding power to mold young men marks the final stretch on the road to 1984. In this stage, the totalitarian goals are no longer hidden; they are praised.

Why not institute a campaign of publicly challenging Rusk, Humphrey and some congressmen to explain why their sons aren't fighting in this lovely war? A drive to make Selective Service fair might be the easiest way to abolish it. To remind the poor that they are played for suckers by the ruling classes, who keep their precious darlings safely tucked away at Princeton while less fortunate boys are killed and maimed in Vietnam, could help to spread the base of protest, hasten the end of Selective Service and ultimately end the war.

C. W. GRIFFIN JR
Denville, New Jersey

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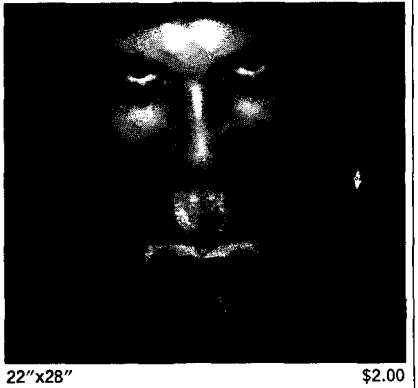

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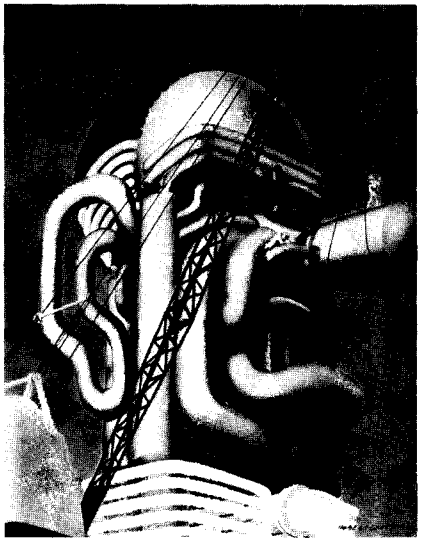


BUILDING LBJ

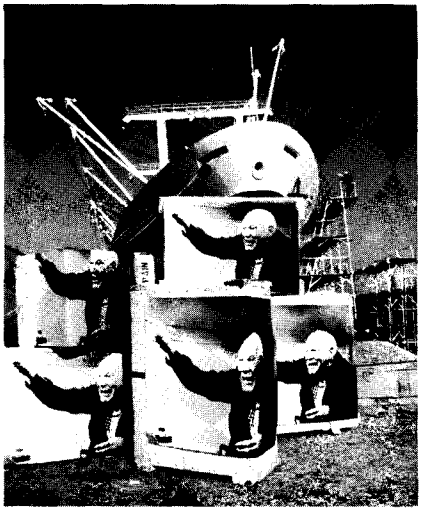
SIRS: Your article "Building Lyndon Johnson" [RAMPARTS, December 1967] is now required reading in all my classes. Strange as it may seem, I have many students who refuse to believe it.

TERRY RIPMASTER
Paterson State College
Paterson, New Jersey

SIRS: "Building Lyndon Johnson" is a monumental job of investigative reporting and writing. It's a shame that it probably will not receive a Pulitzer Prize for the same reason that Harrison Salisbury was denied his obviously deserved prize last year—it treads on the wrong political toes.

I have a close friend at the Houston Post (where I understand the article made the rounds of the news staff) who tells me that most of what was written is and has been common knowledge there for years. The same is true at the Houston Chronicle. In both instances, my friend tells me, orders from "the very top" have kept these and countless other facts concerning not only the Brown & Root mess but LBJ in general from being printed—or even written, for that matter.

FRED WILLIAMS
Houston, Texas



THE WIZARD

SIRS: At last someone has said something objective about Eric Hoffer. Peter Collier's article on "The Wizard of Was" [RAMPARTS, December 1967] restored my faith in the sanity of a nation which has been eulogizing this man's inanities for far too long.

Unfortunately, your brilliant accompanying article "Building Lyndon Johnson" plunged me into deepest gloom. I doubt that I shall have much time to read future editions of RAMPARTS as I shall be too busy taking courses in Spanish, Small Arms Drill and Short Wave Radio Communication.

NORMAN P. DOYLE
San Francisco

SIRS: Once again RAMPARTS misses the target with grossly overloaded guns. Eric Hoffer offers a bulls-eye somewhat larger than a barn door and Peter Collier still manages to hit only his own toe.

That David Welsh felt impelled to cap a fact-filled article with a surge of righteous indignation at his newly-discovered "labyrinth of business-government connections" (as if LBJ, in addition to his other notable achievements, invented patronage, the spoils system, the Industrial Revolution, Boss Tweed and the Ice Trust) is a bit on the naive and coy side, very much like a teenage virgin who pops birth-control pills with her morning milk. But must those of us who survived

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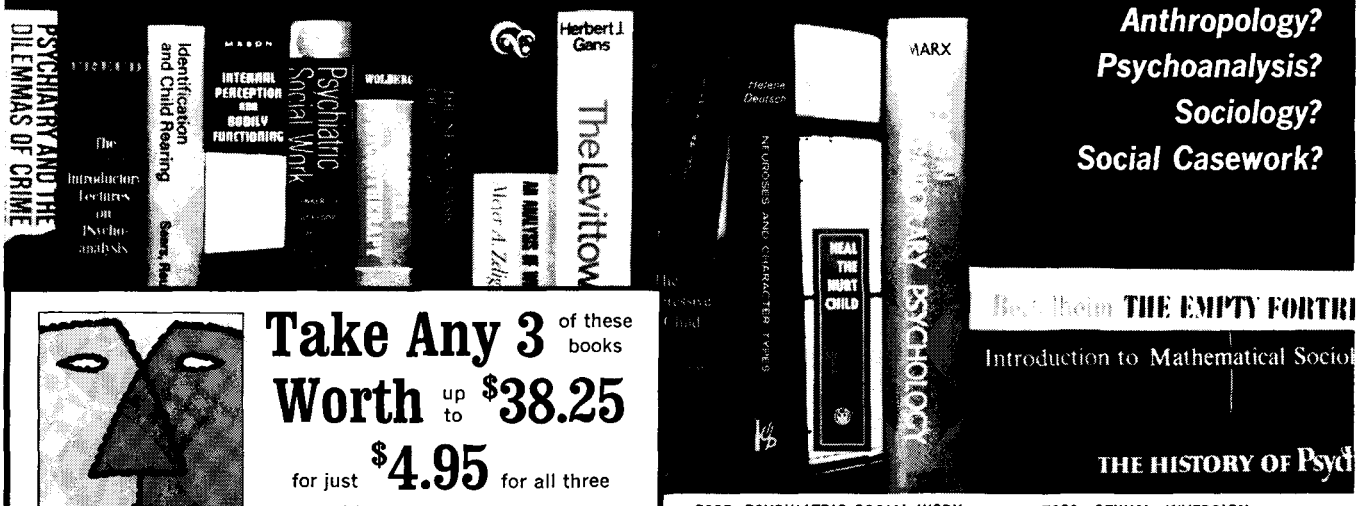

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that sophomoric display open the mental gates again only to have Collier rush in, all breathless, with the hot news that Eric Hoffer doesn't fit into the RAMPARTS pigeon-hole? It seems that the upper-middle-brow mass media and the White House have seen fit to suddenly lionize Hoffer despite his consistent rejection of "revolutionary change" and "militant dissent." Well, imagine that! Up with the wall posters, Pete. We've caught us another one of them there working-class revisionists.

MARTIN FINK
Hollywood, California

SIRS: Peter Collier's critical insight of Eric Hoffer was sorely needed by us intellectuals who were on the brink of being overwhelmed by Mr. Hoffer's charisma.

However attractive it may seem, the Jeffersonian yeoman myth doesn't seem to be working. It is not Mr. Hoffer's common man who is devoting his time, energy and money to the betterment of our society, e.g., the causes of the Negro and peace. It is not the longshoremen's "thing" to work for the desegregation of schools or to get the Vietnam question on the ballot; nor that of the affluent factory worker in his "all-white" neighborhood. Rather, we find them cooking steaks on the patio grill, thinking that napalm is just another fire starter, and the fact that Negro babies are sharing the floor with rats would disturb no one outside a small circle of friends.

JAMES U. LYONS
Buffalo, New York

SIRS: The excellent article on that wonderful Wizard of Was, Eric Hoffer, makes me think that Eric's true literary energies should be confined to writing inserts for fortune cookies.

HORACE D. CRIST
Mill Valley, California

THE PARTITIONERS

SIRS: I read with interest "The Case for Black Separatism" [RAMPARTS, December 1967]. Mr. Browne's case was extremely thought-provoking and many of his basic arguments and premises seemed valid. The article does minimize the practical problems which are almost prohibitive. Even if the plan could be made economically and logistically practicable, however, it would not be accepted because of the peculiar psychological atmosphere prevalent in white America today. I limit myself to white reaction, since I am white and since Mr. Browne acknowledges the need for white compliance in a partitioning along racial lines.

In maintaining that a partitioning scheme could appeal to the traditional segregationists and racists in this country, Mr. Browne indulges in wishful thinking. This assumes a kind of logical consistency which does not exist now and seems unlikely to as long as some people think the Confederate philosophy can be preserved despite certain unfortunate military losses suffered 100 years ago. These people are no more likely to agree to relinquishing an acre of their land than they are likely to allow their

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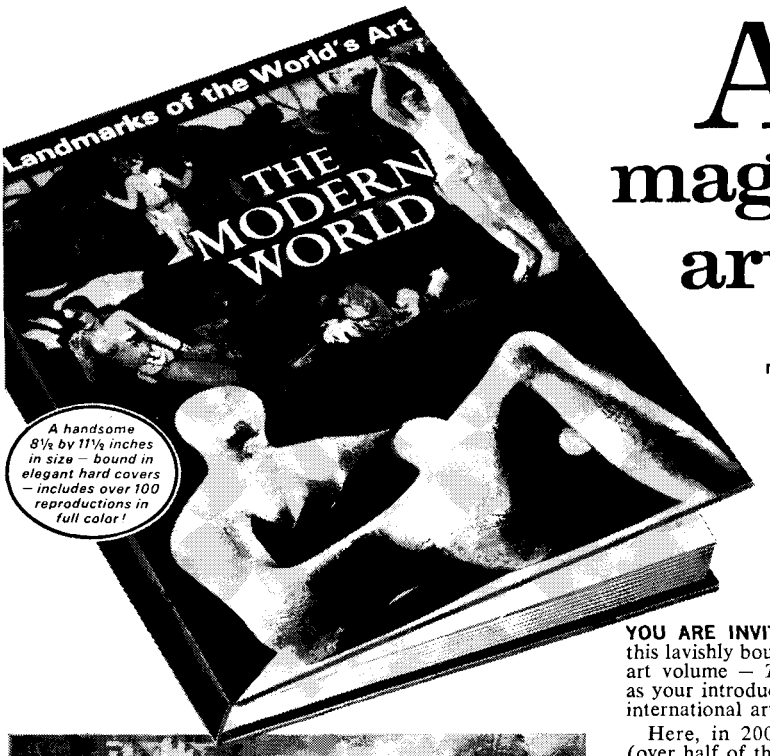

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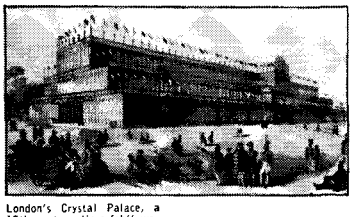
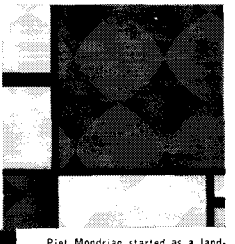


London's Crystal Palace, a 19th century "pre-fab" was modelled after glass greenhouses. Its designer was a landscape gardener named William Paxton.



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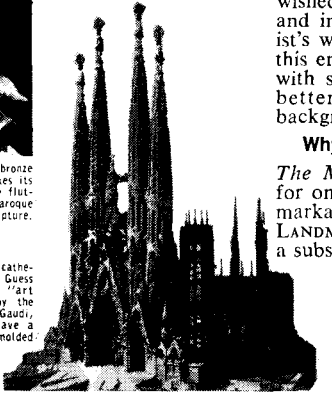

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lily-white daughters to cooperate in "mongrelizing" their race.

A separate black state is unlikely to find favor with the semi-racists or de facto segregationists either, since this would require a degree of honesty—both inwardly and outwardly—heretofore not evident. Specifically such a solution to the "colored problem" would necessitate an admission that they do indeed harbor racial prejudices.

The white liberals who, in the last ten years, have comprised the backbone of white participation in the civil rights movement is predominantly young, intellectual, and, to varying degrees, activist - oriented. Much of the civil rights activity among this group is latent today because dissension over the Vietnam war has siphoned off much of their fervor. This group would almost certainly oppose a separatist solution to America's burgeoning civil war.

For the white liberal in America today the black man's struggle is all-important. The American revolution in the '60s is every bit as important as its predecessor in the 1770's. But the white liberal isn't interested in simply eliminating the immediate and visible problem, but in correcting the society which has spawned the problem. Violence and prejudice are the American *modus operandi* and the black man is only the *major* casualty of this "American way of life." Those of us who would have to live in that same sick society that forced separation on its largest racial minority are bound to seek a solution that will offer some hope that our children or theirs won't have to face the same or a similar crisis. The white liberal's involvement in the black man's fight for freedom, however guilt-ridden or ingratiating it may seem, is legitimate because it is very much a fight for his own survival. This was true long before Watts, Newark or Detroit.

All of this is of little help or consolation to America's Negro. His plight is desperate and therefore so is ours. That the Negro is justified in seeking any solution available, including separation, can hardly be denied.

J. BRADFORD TILLSON JR
San Diego, California

SIRS: Congratulations on Robert S. Browne's "The Case for Black Separatism," an extremely well-reasoned argument for a radical solution of "The

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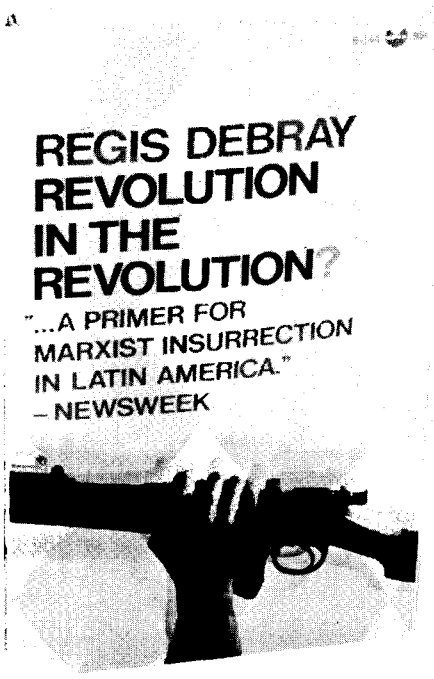

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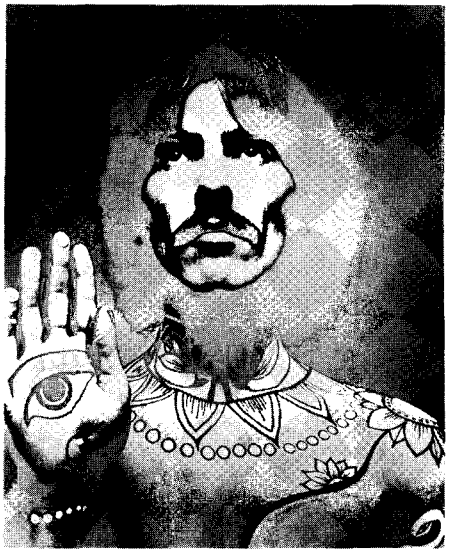

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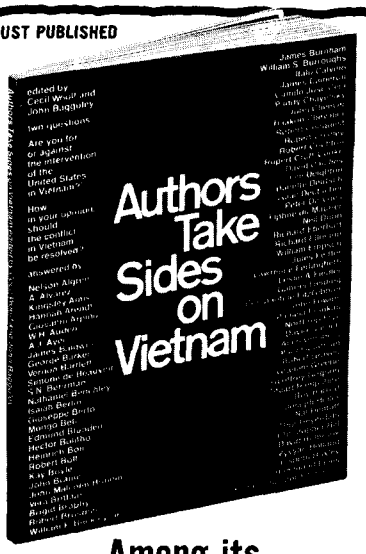

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American Dilemma." Let's hear more from the black community on such issues; the self-assumed "experts"—whether they be Lyndon Johnson, Lester Maddox or Benjamin Spock—obviously do *not* know "what the Negro wants."

PAUL W. STOEWE
New York City

SIRS: It is obvious that Professor Browne neglected to study history, because in an article full of historical allusions, he completely omitted the Civil War, or if the professor prefers, the War of the States, during which, after four bloody years, the people of the United States turned their backs on separatism.

Another issue which the Civil War decided was the abolition of slavery in the United States, which Professor Browne has also conveniently forgotten.

ROBERT N. KASTOR
New York City

SIRS: As one committed to the now utopian but nonetheless real hope of thoroughgoing revolution within the social and cultural network that presently constitutes "the American way of life," I read Mr. Browne's case for black separatism with mingled delight and anxiety: delight in the fact that given the realities of American blackness, and given the urgency for creative solution that the obscenity of America has posed for human resolution, the proposal of national partition does indeed make the deepest sense and deserves immediate and prolonged debate: anxiety over the fact that as a white radical concerned with revolutionizing virtually every dimension of our mutual experience, including both sides of the black/white dichotomy, I do not wish to press for a hurried solution to the current dilemma which would bring to premature and unfulfilled conclusion a historic potentiality whose vitality could scale unprecedented heights in terms of the lasting interests of progressive humanity.

I have recently come to the belief (and I should want my white brothers to hear me loud and clear) that from the standpoint of burgeoning revolution, only *blackness* can lay claim to authentic and historically ripe agency for fundamental change within the U.S. White radicals have apparently forgotten that historically their consciousness with respect to the need for basic change was born vis-a-vis involvement, however vicariously, in the life of the black community, and the basic denominator for the increased development of that consciousness has not been altered. Thus operating out of a white radical's instinct for survival, I would look critically upon the proposal for black separation if it were to mean the irrevocable loss of contact with a now irreplaceable revolutionary force.

It should be made clear that for a white radical to engage in confession by no means suggests that whites would have nothing substantial to contribute. For example, what about those blacks caught in the mire of "assimilation" to which you so poignantly refer? Surely they will resist, perhaps fatally, the call to full participation in their blackness (which is what the spirit of separateness suggests) without a strong shove from those very whites they try so desperately to emulate. A concerted effort to mitigate against this resistance can only be accomplished by cooperative whites. At any rate, the basis for a full-blown black-white revolutionary dialectic seems to me worthwhile to explore, and debate on the separatist proposal is a good place to begin.

DONALD KAIPER
Oakland, California

SIRS: I have read with great interest Robert S. Browne's "Case for Black Separatism." In a few words, "It won't ever happen!"

As a reformed "WASP" I would be inclined to award American blacks the states of Alabama and Mississippi. In fact, I'd even throw in George and Lurleen. I guess they would be persona non grata, however.

Mr. Browne should remember that a treaty setting up such an independent country would reserve to the grantor (the U.S.A.) all national defense powers except for internal police, as in Japan. All foreign policy except non-strategic goods trade would be reserved. No communist or pure socialist economic system would be permitted. Further, the "right" of U.S. citizens to travel freely without segregation of public facilities would be reserved.

I can see that a series of "border incidents" along the Georgia and Louisiana frontiers would result in an American expeditionary force à la Philippines.

Then, after about 40 years' occupation, the U.S.A. would grant independence with the provision that all foreign

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property be guaranteed in their constitution and by treaty. U.S. citizens would have acquired all property and banks during this 40 years.

The people in this "country" would now be subject to complete economic exploitation and total political control by CIA operatives ensconced in AID offices under a Treaty to Help Emerging Nations.

More realistically, in view of the congressional seniority system, American blacks should expect the award of North and South Dakota. Or perhaps we might "give" them northern Mexico!

The trend in our country is to conformity, which is another way to state repression. Better Mr. Browne should prepare for a very long struggle, mainly peaceful, but with enough violence that people cannot forget 20 million damned.

Perhaps through education, open housing and association we can achieve that condition of mutual honor and respect the Negro citizen already earned many times over but which is consistently denied him by our culture. This is my true hope.

DONALD L. WHITE
Owensboro, Kentucky

SIRS: The engravings for Robert Browne's "The Case for Black Separatism" in the December issue — really now — were melodramatic in the extreme for today.

All analogies are unscientific and inaccurate when you try to apply them to the Negroes in the U.S. For example, the French-speaking Canadians are geographically centered in one area of Canada, whereas the Negro is "warp and woof" of the U.S., especially in the big cities and the South. And how about mulattoes—do you want a separate country for them too?

And I suppose for those (relatively few) who have intermarried, you will obligingly arrange a border-land. And when some Negroes begin fighting with others, what will you do then? Partition into Good and Bad Negroes?

I say there is no cause for black separatism at all, although I don't believe integration is a magical solution to all problems.

ABRAM EISENMAN
The Savannah Sun
Savannah, Georgia

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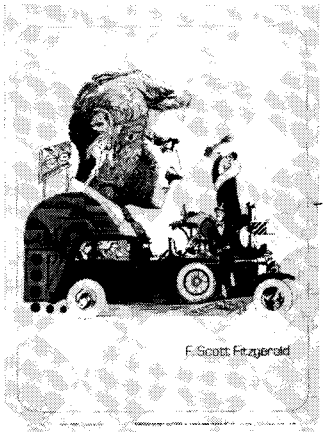

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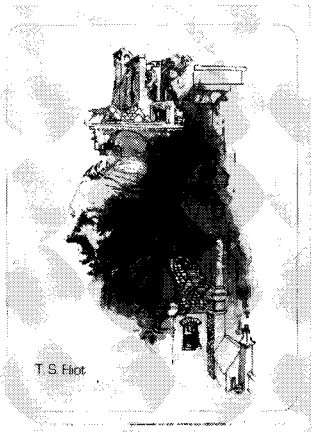

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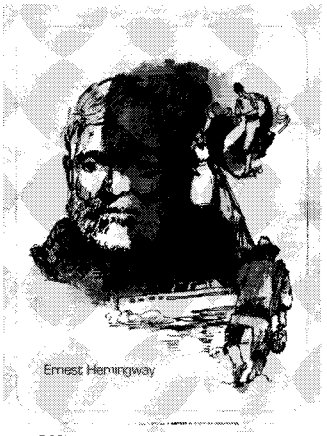

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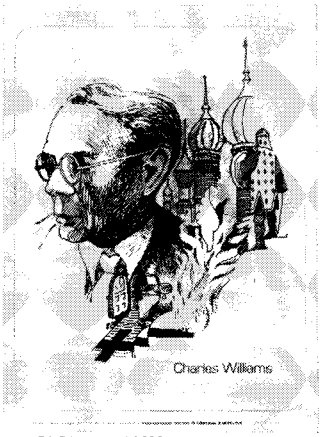

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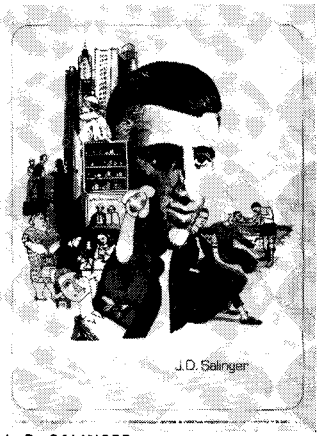

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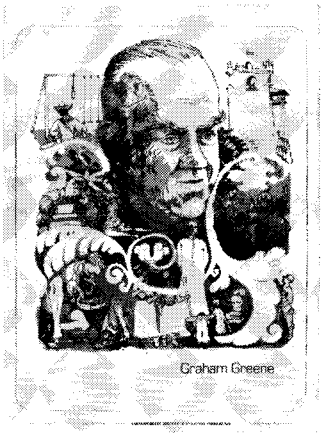

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A Program for Liberals

ONE VIEW WHICH IS LIKELY to have considerable support in liberal circles is that the impulse toward the police state originates in the frustration, confusion and anger of our rulers, whom more or less standard liberal intellectuals like Robert Theobald would describe as badly up-tight men. Since they possess extraordinary resources for doing damage (don't forget The Bomb), it behooves the prudent dissenter to do nothing that might provoke them too much. Dealing with armed lunatics from a position of weakness, Theobald argues, one is obliged to practice what amounts to a con-game politics of ambiguity and avoidance. This would hold particularly, of course, for those activists of the New Left whose style threatens intellectuals like Theobald so seriously.

The problem with this is that it is wrong, and the danger it is that it is plausible. The ADA mind, that is, will probably find in this theory a proof that the militants are only bringing it on themselves, and will not be able to understand that it will have been its own camp's unwillingness to fight the good fight that made confrontation politics both more necessary and more dangerous—more dangerous not only to the New Left, but to the culture itself.

For what the tactic of moderation implicitly presupposes is that right-wing militancy is produced by left-wing militancy. If this were indeed so, and if the objective of the left were to close down the right so that the left could continue to exist, then Theobald's thesis would make some circular kind of sense. But in the first place, it is an already pitiful left whose program is reduced to passive and retiring self-defense. If leftists and their organizations exist only in order to exist, then each of us might as well forget it and become Canadian ranchers. The business of the left is not its own self-preservation, but the liquidation of social inhumanity. And, in fact, when it deviates from that goal, it has already failed to survive. To be sure, the real pursuit of objectives is filled with risk; if you want to stay out of trouble, don't try to be a leftist in America. But this maxim applies only to one's personal decision to be or not to be a leftist, and has nothing to do with the formation of a radical program or style.

But still more important, it is just not true that the right grows militant because the left grows militant. Both movements are most fundamentally produced, rather, by a breakdown of the center. America's current and growing political turbulence—the emergence of a revolution-minded left from below and a reaction-minded right from above—is one and the same thing as the current and growing disintegration of liberalism. It is the sorry collapse of our welfare-warfare, cake-eating and cake-having, Humphrey-style liberalism, that is, which prepares the political stage for the entrance of revolutionaries and reactionaries alike. The moderating of leftist militancy would not stop right-wing militancy for the simple reason that the one does not cause the other.

If liberals really want to stop the police state, then they will have to stop trying to give tactical advice to radicals and start doing honest liberal work. They will have to get the country out of Vietnam without seeming to surrender, revolutionize the black ghetto without losing economic and political control over it, eliminate urban and rural poverty without dismantling monopoly capitalism, create a new sense of community purpose without allowing any real new purposes to exist, and somehow contrive to halt the mechanization-murder of the social spirit without giving up the corporate psychological structures whose operation requires dead men. Or more briefly: if FDR was the savior of American capitalism, then RFK (or Eugene McCarthy) will have to become the American empire's FDR.

That's my idea of a program for liberals: bridge all the old contradictions and close the wounds of America. Succeeding in this—which after all is nothing but the historical mission of liberalism—they will quite nicely lay to rest not only the right-wing fury which so badly frightens them, but the New Left to boot. Failing in this, they will have to choose sides anew, for American policy will acceleratingly continue its present polarization around the rightist demand for order and the leftist demand for justice.

We who are radicals have a task much different than the salvation of liberalism—to champion the values which made us radicals to begin with. No champion worthy of the name tries to disappear just when the fight is starting to get good. This is no time for taking cover on behalf of somebody else's disagreeable vision of the good-enough society. It is a time, rather, to drink lots of orange juice, do 50 push-ups a day, turn on to one another with our fullest gaiety and love, and transform every attack upon ourselves into a still happier and more piercing attack upon those whose crimes created us.

by Carl Oglesby

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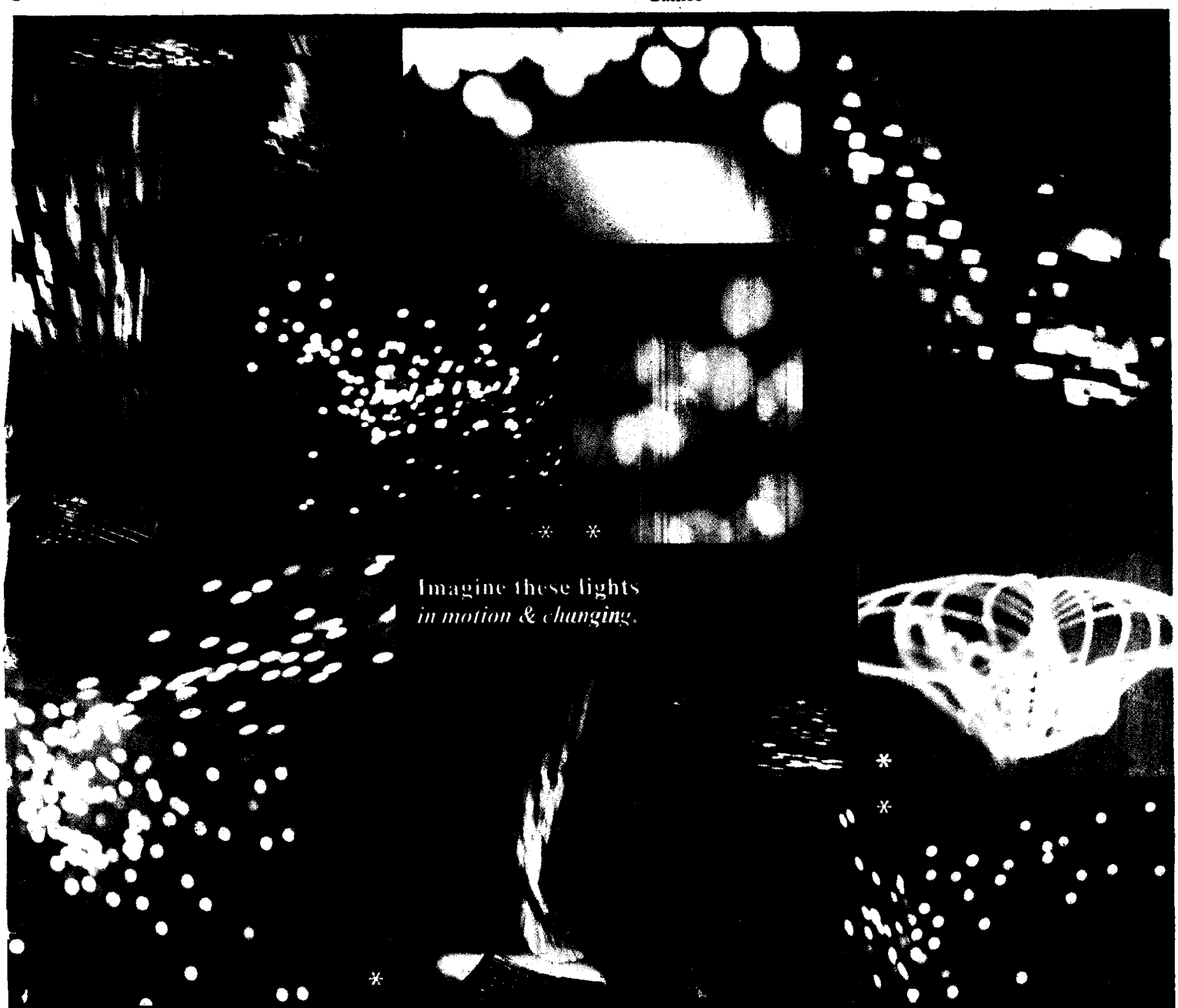

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A History of the Rise of the Unusual Movement for Women Power in the United States 1961-1968

A late afternoon mist clung like a corset to the backcountry highway, leaving visibility at roughly zero for the car that was flying low over the 63 miles of rough road from the Atlanta airport to Watkinsville, Georgia. In command at the wheel, her black high heel holding the gas pedal against the floorboard, was an 87-year-old ex-Congresswoman. Beside her in a smashing camel zipper suit, fishnet stockings and orange sweater was the beautiful wife of the Progressive Party candidate for President in 1952.

It is necessary at this point in our story to pause for a two-second commercial to take due notice of the fact that the speeding Chevrolet was running on women power.

The octogenarian driver was Jeannette Rankin—suffragette, Gandhian pacifist, lobbyist, world traveler, reformer—the first woman member of the House of Representatives, the only member of Congress to vote against America's entry into both world wars, and the only person to vote against the Second World War, period. Miss Rankin, who looks a good quarter of a century younger than 87, was discussing with her passenger the relative merits of stick shifts versus hydromatic drives. She had to yell a little, as the road was very bumpy. "Goddammit Vivian, I don't know how I could have been so stupid as to be talked into buying this automatic car. I like the old shift cars, because you know what you're handling. When you've got the wheel you can feel what's between you and the road."

The passenger was Vivian Hallinan, the wife of legendary San Francisco attorney Vincent Hallinan, who has been a lion in court and a tiger on the American left for the past 50 years. Mrs. Hallinan, who is in her fifties but looks at least a decade younger, gave up a prospective modeling career to marry her husband, and has since managed to do well in real estate while raising six children, all of whom grew up to become professional and/or quite fearless radicals. She is a classic feminine lady but by no means a feminist, a distinction which is important, since her mission in Georgia was to huddle with Jeannette Rankin over a strategy for organizing American women into a force powerful enough to end the war in Vietnam and to correct the inequities of the current distribution of national wealth within the 50 states.

It was a good thing that Jeannette Rankin was driving—otherwise the farm that serves as her winter residence (she summers at a ranch in Montana, the state from which she was twice elected to Congress) would have been impossible to find, as the name on her mailbox says ROBINSON in large letters. Underneath, in smaller letters, is "Rankin." All of this makes sense in view of the fact that the Robinsons live in the more comfortable brick house on the grounds, while Miss Rankin lives behind the big house in what would normally be the tenant farmer's shack; it doesn't make sense in view of the fact that the Robinsons are the tenants.

Wonder Robinson is a 25-year-old Negro who does what work there is left to do on the farm which Miss Rankin purchased in 1924; the homestead size has gradually dwindled. By selling off a few acres per journey, Miss Rankin financed her frequent trips as a one-woman AID mission to the poor

Photo by Daniel Kramer

by Warren Hinckle & Marianne Hinckle

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Photograph by Charles Moore

Joy Kennedy *Betty Frieda*

people of India, Africa and Latin America. Wonder, who is uncommunicative about the origin of his first name, is the fourth or fifth family Robinson to work for Miss Rankin.

The congresswoman stopped her "automatic" car in front of her shack and ushered Mrs. Hallinan into a setting at once primitive and comfortable. The living room floor consists of tamped earth covered with thin roofing paper, upon which Miss Rankin has heaped an exotic Oriental rug that she brought back from the Far East. Running water was installed ten years ago (before that she pumped her own), but she explained that in the absence of central heating she keeps the house warm by burning the Sunday New York Times. She has devised a wire contraption which somehow allows the Times to burn very slowly and heat the house for as long as an entire week. "It really works best," she said, "if you use the Sunday Times and the Monday Times together"—the Monday edition apparently functions as kindling.

The farm has been described by Cora Weiss, a New York leader of the women's brigade which bears Jeannette Rankin's name, and of which Mrs. Hallinan is executive secretary, as a "kibbutz, Georgia style," although at the moment, except for a fat dachshund named Sam, it is an empty kibbutz. Recently Miss Rankin built adjacent to her shack a round concrete edifice of ten rooms, each with private bath, designed around a central atrium. She plans to have ten elderly indigent women live there, since Georgia, in her mind, is not very munificent toward its senior citizens. Plans for the habitation of the building and the completion of the dredging of a nearby lake, in which Miss Rankin fondly envisions her retired guests swimming and boating, have been stalled because of the hectic business of organizing the Jeannette Rankin Brigade, 10,000 women strong.

The living room is cluttered with eclectic *objets d'art* from her travels, dominated by memorabilia of India, and particularly of Gandhi, for whom Miss Rankin held great personal and ideological affection. She has been to India six times, or "six winters" as she prefers to say, the last time in 1963 when she was 83 and traveled alone, driving across the country picking up hitchhikers. Congresswoman Rankin's famous vote against World War II was predicated in part on her travels in India, where she saw England as an oppressive colonial force; she concluded that the war was between two aggressor nations, England and Germany, and that we would do well to have none of it. Since then she has visited South America and Africa, "studying the effects of American imperialism," and encouraging independence movements.

Miss Rankin apparently has no Marxist background but believes, with the single stubbornness of an elderly lady banging her umbrella over the head of a man beating his horse, that it is important for the United States both to leave other people alone politically and to feed the impoverished of the world. This sentiment is shared, almost to a woman, by the leaders of the Jeannette Rankin Brigade, who bridle at any attempt to use the word "isolationist" in reference to the Brigade's call for immediate American withdrawal from Vietnam. The women's position is that the United States must help but not attempt to harness the social and economic revolutions of underdeveloped nations. "The United States is capable of providing assistance without taking over a whole country or enslaving it politically," said Mia Aurbakken Adjali, the Algerian-raised daughter of Methodist Missionary parents

Photograph by Daniel Kramer

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From left to right:
Ruby Dee & Leslie Parrish

who joined the Brigade because she felt the mobilization of women power might influence this country against duplicating in Vietnam what she had seen the French do in Algeria.

While many of the women do not share Jeannette Rankin's absolutist pacifism ("You can't settle an argument by killing someone because you can't kill an idea or an ideology, and that's that"), they all look to her, with reverence and some degree of awe, as some sort of eternal-motion women power machine which has been percolating continually on the front burner of the stove of the 20th century. Indeed, if there need be a symbol of the moral and political staying power of the American woman, single-minded Jeannette Rankin has it by acclamation over manipulative Eleanor Roosevelt.

Mrs. Martin Luther King, who would probably nominate Miss Rankin for President at somebody's convention as the symbolic favorite-daughter candidate, said of her: "She is the endurance symbol of the aspirations of American women—the symbol of the aspirations for peace of millions of us."

This is no small benediction for a woman who, just a few months ago, was at best a dimly remembered figure in a dated American suffragette and pacifist movement. The jet-propelled ascension of Jeannette Rankin to the display window of the women's Hall of Fame says more about the fulminating urgency of the grass-roots movement for women power and its search for a mother-figure than about the kindly Miss Rankin.

It is, nonetheless, a part of our history, and an interesting part at that, which begins in Atlanta in May of 1967 when a lady named Nan Pendergrast, a stalwart of that city's not exactly burgeoning peace movement, invited Jeannette to address a group called Atlantans for Peace. Miss Rankin had been retired from public speaking for almost 20 years, but not one to turn down a favor, she accepted. The next thing she knew, she was getting letters from women all over the country applauding her speech, an account of which had gone out on the Associated Press newswire.

Meanwhile, in the stylish San Francisco suburb of Ross, Betty Meredith, a thin woman of about sixty with a perpetual gardener's tan, was reading the morning Chronicle while awaiting the early-morning arrival of the 28 pre-school children who attend the chic nursery school she runs from her three-story wooden home. And there on the inside pages was a picture of Jeannette Rankin, accompanying a story on her speech which stated that it was unconscionable that 10,000 American boys had died in Vietnam and predicted that if 10,000 American women had mind enough, they could end the cursed war, "if they were committed to the task, even if it meant going to jail." Mrs. Meredith thought that suggestion made a lot of sense and mentioned the idea to her friend Vivian Hallinan. From there, as they say about pregnancies, things began to develop. And nine months later, in January of 1968, an expeditionary force of upwards of 10,000 women in basic black invaded Washington, D.C.

[A FEW WORDS OF HISTORICAL CANDOR]

LADIES MARCHING MAY SEEM as atavistic as the sinking of the Maine, but never mind that for now. The singular thing to understand about the new women power is that it is not in the traditional feminist bag. In this regard, a revisionist position must be amended to the standard high school history textbook explanation of the suffragette movement. For in all historical candor, the feminist movement in late 19th and early 20th century America was not the libertarian thing it is cracked up to be, and highly-touted progressive ladies of that period were in reality rather narrow-minded bitches with the morality of Lucretia Borgia and the class of Tugboat Annie.

If this judgment seems harsh or hasty, one should remember that no less a suffragette leader than Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the wife of the abolitionist, campaigned on racist grounds against ratification of the 14th Amendment because it deigned to give black men the vote before white women. She was not above using, in public and in print, the term "Sambo," and warned against the enfranchisement of "Africans, Chinese and all the ignorant foreigners the moment they touch our shores."

In terms of issues, there is little to write home about regarding the women's rights movement. It started promisingly enough in the 1830's and 1840's when the cause of women's rights was practically synonymous—if not interlocked—with other radical social reforms, including abolition and even a fledgling peace movement. But the American feminist movement—which once had white and black women working together to increase their own horizons of freedom and to transform society—soured, then retrenched, and gradually turned conservative in the decades after the Civil War. The role played by women in the great struggles for social reform decreased almost proportionately as their chances of the vote increased. The ladies had opted for the yahoo side in the post-Civil War economic and social polarization of American society, and by the last decade of the 19th century the suffrage movement had become a single issue cause—a white, middle-class, native movement which held to its bosom the worst elements of bourgeois sociality and Victorian morality.

The original, pre-Civil War movement for women's rights was spirited by Enlightenment ideals of common humanity. Women sought the vote not as an egalitarian absolute, but as a weapon in the fight to democratize and reform American society. But suffragette leaders of the post-Civil War period lost all sense of this high purpose and became political hacks of the meanest variety, adopting any means to reach their elitist ends. They had no qualms about playing in the most tawdry fashion to the middle-class fears of the workers and immigrants by selling the "equalizing" effect of the enfranchisement of "desirable" women. In the South, suffragists even utilized the argument that enfranchisement would help preserve white supremacy. Thus, the struggle for the vote became the province of middle-class women who wanted a share in the public affairs of the conservative society whose basic structure they fully accepted. And the first thing these women did after the 19th Amendment was finally passed in 1920 was to help elect Warren Harding.

Yes, that young thing so busy traveling about the country between 1906 and 1912 as field secretary of the Women's Suffrage Party was none other than Jeannette Rankin. If she can be taken to represent any part of that movement, it has to be its better side. There was always a minority strain in the suffragette movement more concerned with issues than feminist cant and which wanted to create a serious, radical role for women in politics. This faction was represented, at its strongest, by the female abolitionists of the 1840's, the social radicals of the pre-World War I "progressive" era, and pacifists of the Jeannette Rankin model.

Left photograph by Daniel Kramer
Right photograph by Peter James Samerjan

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Top left: Mia Aurbakken Adjali
Top right: Florynce Kennedy
Bottom: Viveca Lindfors

It is the ghosts of these suffragettes past that you will find haunting the White House today. The bourgeois ghosts are all home reading Betty Friedan.

[A WHO'S WHO OF CONTEMPORARY WOMEN POWER, READING FROM THE RIGHT TO THE LEFT]

THE IRREPRESSIBLE LADIES of the Jeannette Rankin Brigade have pulled more than their fair share of coups in forging an unparalleled anti-war popular front of women who might normally think twice before even sharing a cab in the rain. The most unexpected sponsor of all is social scientist Betty Friedan, whose antipathy to women's organizations is so zealous that it seems to stem from a secret blood oath rather than a process of intellect.

Mrs. Friedan said that she agreed only "reluctantly" to become a sponsor because of the urgent need for protest: "Part of my sexual ideology is that I'm against sexual discrimination in the peace movement, as anywhere else. I don't think the fact that milk once flowed within my breast is the reason I'm against the war." The author's disdain for female separatism reflects the thesis of her book, *The Feminine Mystique*, that a giant cabal of neo-Freudians and neo-Margaret Meadeans has ganged up on the American woman, especially in the 1950's, and conned her into taking the hard-won gains of the bluestocking emancipationists of freedom and equality and trading them like psychological bubblegum cards for the dronish and pallid existence of neurotic housewifery.

Her concept of women power, then, is assimilation to achieve a grey-flannel equality for the purpose of bettering women's estate in society by having them beat the hell out of—or at least tie—the men at the Establishment game. William James called success the American "Bitch-Goddess," and Mrs. Friedan would have our women become the goddesses' acolytes.

At any rate, Mrs. Friedan's own group, NOW (National Organization of Women), is helping to provide equal career opportunities for the ladies, and she *is* against the war, on her own terms, of course. But Mrs. Friedan essentially accepts this society and its power structure as presently constituted; she simply wants some of the men to move over a little to make room for the ladies who are now in the back of the bus. This view puts her in the right wing of the new women power movement, since all the other ladies we shall meet have strong compunctions about leaving society as it is.

[THE RADICALIZING OF THE RELIGIOUS WOMEN]

"NOTHING IS EVER SO WRONG in the world that a sensible woman can't set it right in the course of an afternoon," says the Madwoman in Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot."

This sense of the simplistic ability of women to clean up the mess of the world—or at least of the nation—pervades the thoughts of the Brigade women. It is such an instinctive, irrational feeling that it makes real sense, since irrational convictions stand the greatest chance of success in an insane and illogical world. Asked at a press conference how she would go about getting our boys out of Vietnam, Jeannette Rankin replied: "The same way we got them in. By boats and planes." The very definite views the women have of what must be done require a great sense of purpose and precise ordering of priorities—something that, for the moment, the chaotic, male-dominated society clearly seems incapable of structuring.

Ann Bennett, the wife of John C. Bennett, the president of Union Theological Seminary, believes the "brutalizing effect" on society of both "the military and of increasing technology" has cut off the decision-making apparatus from basic human values. She feels that women working together in a powerful coalition can restore this imbalance: "Women are more apt to sit down and work things out, get the job done, than men."

Mrs. Bennett is largely responsible for the popular front composition of the Brigade. She gave the project her blessing last fall—and churchwomen by the dozens joined up. The more traditionally leftist members of the Brigade were amazed at the religious ladies' vitality—and their radicalism. It was Mrs. Bennett, for instance, who added the sentence that Congress "refuse the insatiable demands of the military-industrial complex" to the organizing papers of the Brigade, which, in addition to demanding the immediate withdrawal of "all American troops" from Vietnam, insist that Congress spend the war billions to "make reparation for the ravaged land we leave behind" and to "heal a sick society at home."

The Brigade's statement of principles (the women refer to it, in upper case, as "The Call"), is hardly of the PTA milquetoast variety, and it is amazing and politically quite important that so many ladies who have never so much as pushed a baby carriage in a "Ban the Bomb" parade have lent their names to it. "We have begun to realize that the time may be running out for the human condition, and that stopping the war is simply the first order of business," said Pearl Willen, a former president of the National Council of Jewish Women. "I'm 63 years old and have never been in jail, but now I wouldn't mind going if there were some purpose."

The tone of the Brigade is decidedly un-peacenik. A recent New York committee meeting, for instance, was held in the stately Dakota in a high-ceilinged apartment whose grey walls were lined with very wild and very expensive paintings. Besides having a sense of Establishment chic and style, the Brigade ladies are almost frighteningly businesslike. Their decision not to provoke arrests at the Washington demonstration was coolly pragmatic—the women did not feel it would further their ultimate purpose of organizing women to defeat any congressman who does not vote against the war. "We're not going to offer our bodies to some dirty cop to hit," said Brigade Committeewoman Cora Weiss.

[THE LADIES OF THE LEFT FIND THEMSELVES A POPULAR FRONT]

MOST PEOPLE WOULD NEVER SUSPECT, since it has a big budget and gets so much publicity, that the House Un-American Activities Committee is really little more than a congressional clipping bureau for the left-wing press. This rather pathetic activity is relatively harmless except for its anal implications, but HUAC once had power and influence and was greatly feared in America. At least until it was hit by women power.

The first blow came in 1962, when the committee subpoenaed Dagmar Wilson, a successful illustrator of children's books, who had the nerve, in the fall of 1961, to found Women Strike for Peace; she and several of her Georgetown housewife friends felt that Congress wasn't doing enough to check the threat of thermonuclear war. That event marked the beginning of the modern women power movement. And when the dreadful committee asked her in the menacing tones of the '50s if she

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Bottom photograph by Daniel Kramer

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From left to right:
Vivian Hallinan, Anne Scheer & Marilyn Webb

knew of any communists in WSP, she replied brightly: "Of course, we don't exclude anybody. If we can't talk to communists in our own country, how can we talk to communists in other countries?"

This straightforward answer brought the fear which was the basis of the committee's power out into the open air, where the sunlight soon killed it. HUAC has been going downhill ever since; they called Mrs. Wilson again in 1964, and she showed up with flowers to pin on the committeemen's lapels. Mrs. Wilson explained that the flowers were a symbol "of the fragility of life." The committee never called her back.

Many leaders of the traditional women's peace left wing, like Dagmar Wilson, are ecstatic over the breadth of their popular front. You can't tell the popular front without a program, which includes in the lineup: actresses Viveca Lindfors and Leslie Parrish; writers Kay Boyle, Susan Sontag, Muriel Rukeyser and Jessica Mitford; scientist Frances Herring, a California air pollution expert; Judith Morse Eaton, the daughter of the senator from Oregon; Elaine Slater, whose husband operates the Four Seasons and other painfully expensive New York eateries; Lorraine Gordon, whose husband Max owns the Village Vanguard; Chicago civil rights leader and long-time SNCC supporter Lucy Montgomery; Mrs. Algernon Black, whose husband is head of the Ethical Culture Society; Marjorie (Moxie) Schell—whose two sons are Orville Schell, a China expert at Berkeley, and Jonathan Schell, a fledgling New Yorker writer who did the controversial piece on the destruction of the Vietnamese village of Ben Suc; academic Helen Lamb Lamont; Dr. Carolyn Goodman, whose son, Andrew, was murdered in Mississippi; the pop artist Sister Mary Carita, and other nuns. The lineup of interesting ladies extends around the corner and is already blocking traffic outside the stadium.

Significantly, the Brigade pacesetters include an impressive cross-section of black women, among them actress Ruby Dee and Manhattan attorney Florynce Kennedy, who must be the Jeannette Rankin of the black left. She gets through a whirlwind round of activities by talking as fast as Hubert Humphrey—a style mellowed by an outrageous sense of humor. "Okay, sweetie," she said to a reporter telephoning for an interview, "let me turn off my bath water, and get my watermelon rind and coffee over here." Florynce's sister Joy Kennedy, who was International Model of the Year, is working with her on organizing black women for the Brigade. Florynce thinks the role of black women in the peace movement should be to "direct resistance toward the tax increase. Poor people don't think in terms of taxes. They whine, moan and complain but don't do anything about them. In this way, they really consent to oppression."

[THE MINISKIRT CAUCUS]

YOU WON'T MIND TWISTING your neck to look at the girls on the very left of the Brigade, since they are the prettiest. They are the stylish ladies who graduated from college with majors in the civil rights fights and campus free speech revolutions of the early '60s. They have since organized themselves into a radical's national alumnae association called the Women's Liberation Front.

The girls have some remarkably distinguishing characteristics. All are young—ranging from late teens through mid-twenties; most are white and from middle- to upper middle-class backgrounds; they are articulate and self-confident if not aggressive; they are usually attractive, most are liberated sexually, and the majority dress in miniskirts, high boots and bright colors.

The WLF members—there are probably some 400 of them active today, and their ranks are growing—do not consider themselves a part of the peace movement per se, but are concerned with reconstructing the entire fabric of society. They don't want equal status jobs with men, for instance—but they want the mobility that male radicals enjoy and control over their own lives and life styles. "We don't want to be equal to unfree men," said Naomi Jaffe of the New York chapter.

The analogy to black power demands is apparent here—and is indeed ironic, since the splitting off of these young women into their own radical caucus began with tensions that developed within SNCC beginning in 1961 and which eventually became unmanageable. "As white, predominantly northern, educated and skilled women began to move into the Southern movement, the sexual problems between blacks and whites moved with them," said Marilyn Salzmen Webb, a leader of the radical women movement.

Mrs. Webb said that the assumption of leadership positions by bright, aggressive female whites within organizations like SNCC gradually led to a counter-move by Negro males to take over those roles and to return the women to staff and clerical jobs more in line with society's stereotypical image of women. Even within the supposedly liberated civil rights movement, there was no real equality for women, she said.

The most active of the new radical women's movements is in Berkeley—which should surprise no one. It is called the Women's Resistance. Anne Weills Scheer, one of its leaders, said that many young girls have joined the female resistance recently because the emphasis on draft protest in regular peace movements produced the same male chauvinism the girls had discovered in the civil rights movement; they were told to bake brownies in the draft resistance headquarters kitchen while the boys went off to war against war. For the same reasons of frustration, most of these young, well-dressed ladies with escalated degrees of radicalism have not joined the Jeannette Rankin Brigade, which they criticize for compromising militant tactics for the sake of a broad base. "We felt the Brigade was important because it was reaching women who had not been reached before. However, it was not up to the level of political sophistication of young Berkeley women," Mrs. Scheer said.

[REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING . . .]

FOR A FINAL WORD ON THIS SUBJECT, we take you to Santa Barbara, California, where Mr. Irving Laucks, philanthropist and male exponent of women power, is distributing his essay entitled, "Women Must Save The World," in which he argues that only the strength of the female instinct for preservation of the species can save society from the whirlpool of inevitable disaster men have created—if there is still enough time.

Aristophanes' Lysistrata made such an attempt, but, alas, she waited too long, and the Peloponnesian War engulfed Greece. Maybe we shall fare better, as the current furious pace of American women power appears to give us at least one miniskirted leg up on the Greeks.

Reporters for this article were Peter Collier, Art Goldberg, Sandy Levinson and Marilyn Webb.

Photographs by Baron Wolman

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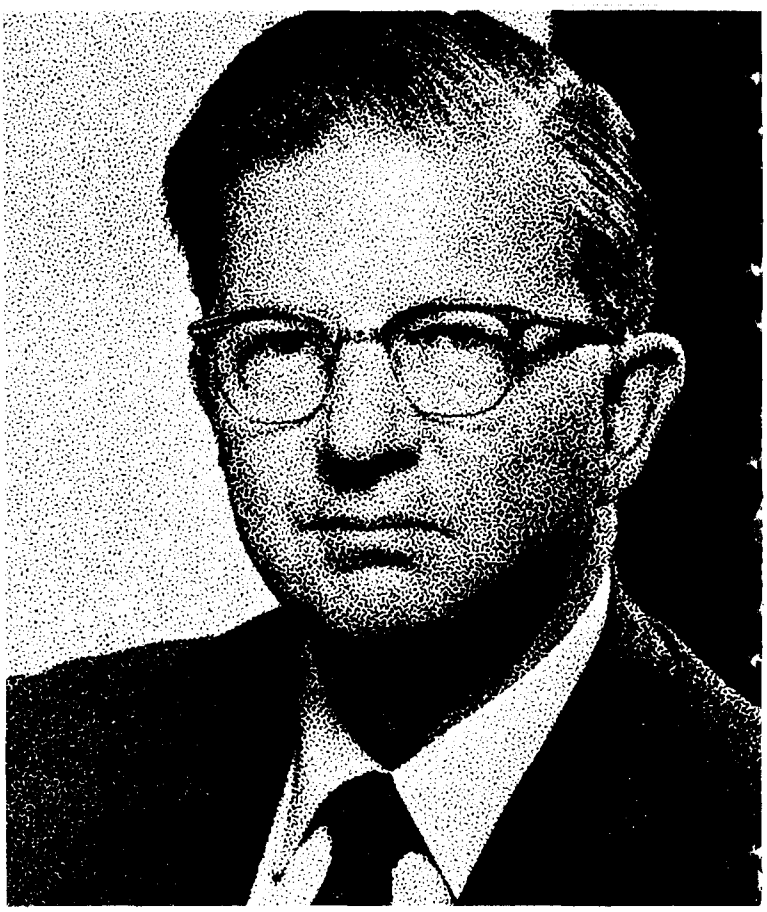
The Man Who Came In From The Cold (War)



ON JANUARY 1ST, 1968, Charles Hitch, formerly Comptroller of the Department of Defense, senior staff economist of the RAND Corporation, advisor on the use and acquisition of military power, war planner/maker extraordinary, became president of the University of California, the largest and most well-developed American State university system. Hitch was chosen because in the minds of the Board of Regents he seemed to be noncontroversial—concerned mostly with figures, budgets and future campus planning. He had the proper academic credentials, and his quiet, conservative demeanor would fit in with a State legislature and conservative governor who were antipathetic to the university faculty and students.

The liberals on the Board of Regents thought Hitch was a good choice because the universities were going to be decentralized when the Byrne Report, calling for autonomy of each of the State universities, was implemented. As usual, liberals don't do their homework very well. While in form such decentralization might occur, Hitch would follow the idea of centralized budgetary control for all the universities in much the same way he had acted for the secretary of Defense in controlling the purse strings of the individual military services. Hitch and his staff, using their budgetary technique as the control mechanism, and posing as disinterested analysts, will, in fact, set the policy and direction of the State universities in California. Chancellors of the individual campuses should have no illusions about where the power will reside. No doubt the Regents must also have reasoned that Hitch would be able to obtain grants from the Department of Defense and other areas of the federal Establishment at a time when such federal grants were becoming hard to obtain and the possibility of cutbacks by the California State legislature was very great.

Hitch's background is not without significance. He worked in the OSS during the Second World War, helping develop operations research. After the war, he went to the RAND Corporation, where he worked on military and war problems, starting from the assumption that military problems are basically economic problems because they have to do with determining how to allocate resources in an "efficient" way. As a result of his work at RAND and his promulgation of the technique of planning, programming and budgeting, he became the comptroller of the Department of Defense, "the money manager," as one congressman put it. Later he became vice-president of the University of California, basically in charge of finance management for the University. Although these jobs might appear dull, they were, in fact, basic to shaping the structure of the American national security system in the last 15 years, and hence the contours of American society.

As a result of the choices and decisions which Hitch made, and the "methods" which he developed and used, the United States has reaped the following "benefits":

1. A flirtation and partial acceptance of a counterforce/ABM strategy committing us to an endless nuclear arms race.

2. The idea that limited wars can and should be fought. This notion stems from the peculiar conceit that the U.S. can police the world. The result of this strategy, of course, has been the American war in Vietnam.

3. The idea that political and physical survival is predicated on the speed and efficiency with which technology can be converted into weapons and weapons systems. To accomplish this end, Hitch developed the idea of the program package and the program element: "My office, working with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the military departments, developed a standardized list of program packages and program elements . . . By a 'program element' we mean an integrated activity, a combination of men, equipment and installations, whose effectiveness can be related to our national security objectives. As examples we have in mind such forces as B-52 wings, infantry batallions, and combatant ships, taken together with all the equipment, men, installations, supplies, and support required to make them effective military forces. By a 'program package' we mean an interrelated group of program elements that must be considered together because they support each other or are close substitutes for each other. The Central War Offensive Forces is an example of such a package."(*Organizing for National Security*, Senate Committee on Government Operations, 1961.)

4. The idea that intellectual and scientific resources as well as economic resources of the university and the economic corporation should be brought to bear organizationally in the "task of survival" as defined in the Department of Defense. Hitch, in testifying before the Senate Committee on Govern-

by Marcus G. Raskin

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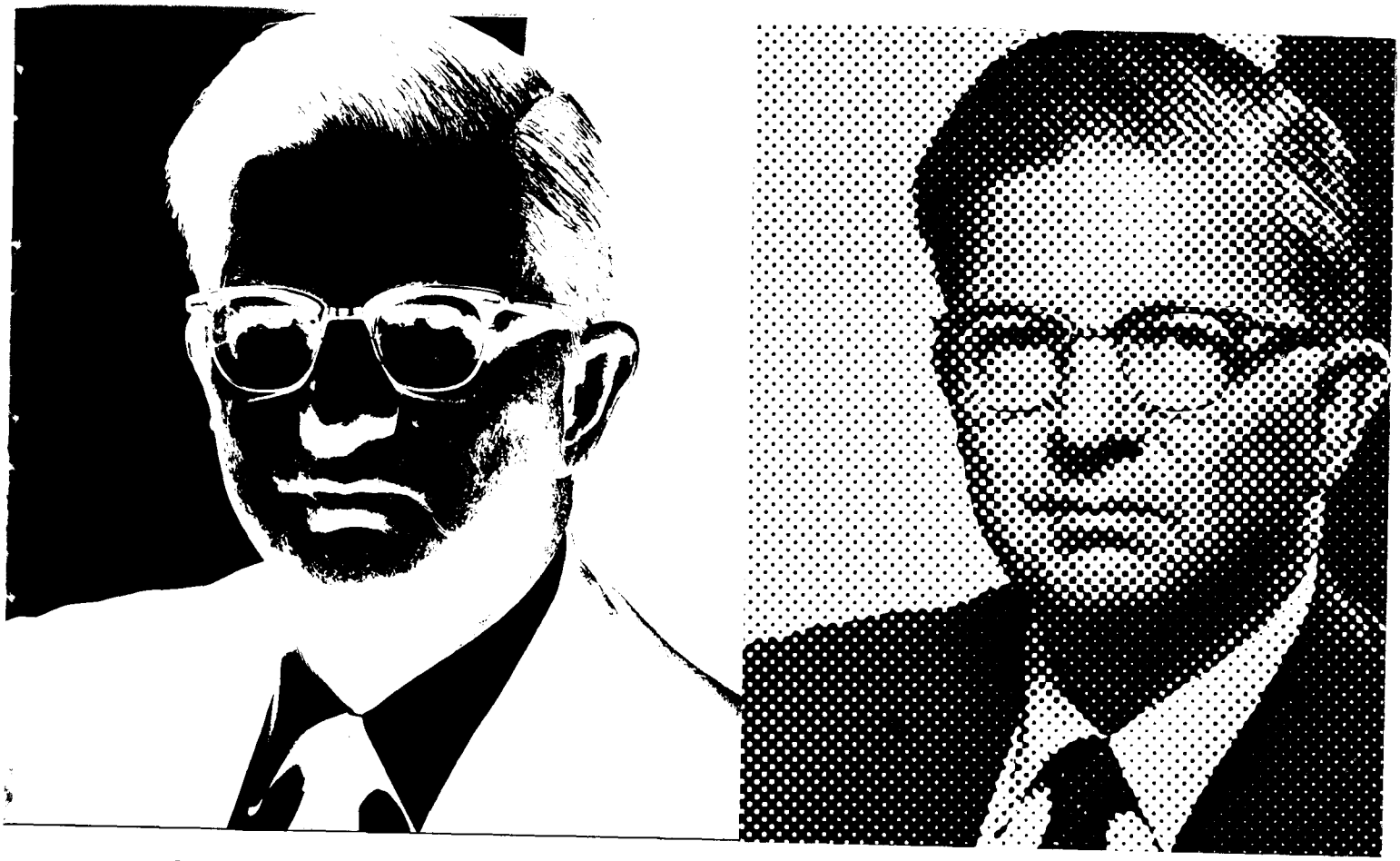

ment Operations, said that long-range obligations made by the Department of Defense were useful even though they cut the power of Congress: "In the case of research and development, I think there are cases where it would be desirable to give assurance of a longer range program. This has been done recently, for example, in the area of materials research. *In this case it was apparent there was not enough research on metals and other materials useful in aircraft and missiles going on in the U.S. The Department was anxious to get some materials research going on a substantial scale at a number of universities.*

"In this case I think it was extremely helpful that the Department was able to assure funding for five years so that research organizations could embark on a program to provide the installations and hire the people, which they wouldn't have been able to do on a one year basis." (*Organizing for National Security*. Emphasis added.)

5. The idea that the technique of program budget and planning can be used no matter what the substance being analyzed is. In other words the same methodology could be applied equally to resource allocations for nuclear war, limited war or education.

The Hitch method was viewed as a meta-tool by the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. Hitch's methods and cost effectiveness techniques have now permeated the entire federal bureaucracy. Government policy planners are sent to universities to be trained in the vagaries of this pseudo-science in order to apply it to their area of responsibility. This management technique is used as a personal instrument for a group of economists to obtain power within the corporate hierarchic organization, be it the university, the federal government or the corporation. Its primary value was that it did not question fundamental assumptions or the frames of reference of the organization or the organizational activity. The users of the method do not ask fundamental questions about the purpose of the activity in which they are involved, or about the purpose and effect of their programs. Hence, if the order is given to destroy the world, the only question for the experts using the Hitch method is how to do it most cheaply between competing plans put forward.

Although the Hitch method was to show the importance of making choices, the fact is that no choices were really made in Defense. In the Hitch period there was a mushrooming of missiles, ABM, tactical nuclear weapons, limited war capability, and increased numbers of men in the armed forces. While he was comptroller at the Department of Defense, the military budget rose from approximately $40 billion to approximately $60 billion. The Department of Defense proceeded to allocate contracts and five-year program expenditures for missiles, limited war capability, air force and sea force far beyond the expectations of the Eisenhower Administration.

The basically crackpot, mandarin theories which Hitch and his fellow RAND cohorts brought to the Department viewed defense in non-static terms. For them, war-making potential was a tool and the Department of Defense was a way to personal power because they sold themselves as disinterested and objective through the program package method. The Hitch mandarins were interested in making missiles, bombs and limited war capability more relevant to the elite game of brinkmanship and the imperial conceit of great power control over others. Hitch's views on this matter were central, since it was he who showed how the resources of American society should be spent for these purposes by committing resources for war-making five years into the future. He promoted the idea that the Department of Defense was an instrument in the hands of the policymakers for war-making purposes rather than an institutional problem which had to be controlled and which

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could destroy the energy and freedom of American society.

In *Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age*, which Hitch wrote with Roland McKean, the authors say that their main purpose is to show how economic analysis can be used to show preferred policies and actions in the area of defense. Yet a few years later, after working in the Defense Department, Hitch said that with his method of systems analysis, all the systems analyst could do was to "free the decision-maker from questions which can best be resolved through analysis leaving to him those more difficult questions which can only be resolved on the basis of judgment. The systems analyst, for example, can tell the decision-maker how many targets would be destroyed if 200 new bombers were added to the planned force and how much they would cost; he can rarely demonstrate whether they should or should not be added." I would also point out that he doesn't tell you whether or not they should be used.

There is a slightly Alice in Wonderland quality to the entire Hitch effort in the government. He brought with him a pseudo-scientific language to justify actions taken on other grounds, and agreed to the buying of forces and weapons systems which had in the veritable meaning of cost-effectiveness the decay and destruction of American society. While Hitch thought that it would be useful to have arrangements which would help in deterring Soviet first strike and at the same time help our first strike position, he (like most of the RAND people in and out of the government) did not favor, or opposed, disarmament and arms control arrangements on the spurious grounds that there was no such thing as automatic deterrence.

In addressing himself to disarmament he and McKean stated that ". . . we must bear in mind that the more extensive a disarmament agreement is, the smaller force that a violator would have to hide in order to achieve domination."

Yet while Hitch feared the consequences of a disarmament arrangement, he had no such fears about a nuclear war. Although he admitted that the "outlook for a post-attack civilization is indeed bleak," he said that we should not act as if such bleakness was certain. Hitch then shows us in that cool Dr. Strangelove way that we really could survive through some form of civil defense: "We could construct a few shelters of different types and get volunteers to live in them for a period of time." He favors advance planning which would help us reallocate resources after an attack, reestablish a monetary system, provide for pure water and fuel as well as food. Hitch points out that we need to find out more about Strontium 90, how to cleanse it from food as well as other decontamination possibilities: "With more information, the cost and effectiveness of these measures could be estimated." His program was attempted in part during the Kennedy Administration, although the people rejected it and the President and his immediate staff (which recommended against it) finally had to kill the monster off before the people killed each other in their fallout shelters.

IN THE FALL OF 1963, I wrote a review article for the New York Review of Books called the "Megadeath Intellectuals." In that article I said that the megadeath boys should not be debated in the universities because they were peddling nonsense and madness. To debate them was to give them credit for saying something which had intellectual and moral content. I thought that their work was similar to the work of admen who huckstered products.

Little did I believe that within five years one of the megadeath intellectuals would end up as president of the University of California. There is a sadness and a mockery about such events. The Berkeley revolt of 1964 must surely be viewed in the light of the appointment of Hitch. While the students in 1964 were concerned about their rights and the fact of their powerlessness, Hitch was acting on the basis of the powerlessness of our society at large to decide questions of limited war, hammering out and implementing five-year plans for weapons systems which, if used, would bring destruction upon us. While students called for democracy and constitutional controls, Hitch helped build, unify and strengthen a military/industrial class which would not be accountable except to the militarized civilian—men like himself who never realized that the entire national security system as it came to be conceived was rotten to the core. This system made hostages of whole societies for the views of a few. Concerned about process and function but not assumptions and consequences, men like Hitch helped distort priorities in American life and judgment in American statecraft. It is a tragedy of the American present that neither the content nor the consequences of the work of such men seem to be counted against them.

Now that Charles Hitch has become president of the University of California and is presumed to be an intellectual leader, I assume that he will be prepared to debate the moral, political and logical foundations and consequences of what he did while in the Defense Department with faculty members and students of the unviersities now under his stewardship. Perhaps he will set up new universities in California which will address themselves to the modern economic and political question of how the total world resources can be used for the benefit of all of mankind, rather than the rich few.

Unfortunately, it is more likely that Hitch will act as an advisor to Governor Reagan on how to keep the university community in line and that he will try to bring the governor closer to understanding the modern war-maker's defense ideology. President Hitch will also be valuable in bringing the governor and the State university system closer to the nationally oriented defense corporations on the west coast.

The crude and tragic attempt by the Regents and the governor to force the university into a role subservient to State power merely ensures the decline of the university as the keeper of the values of universal humanism, and the decline of American civilization. One can only be amazed and frightened at the ironies of American life which reward violence and punish nonviolence and reconciliation.

Staughton Lynd did not receive tenure at Yale and almost lost another appointment at a Chicago commuter college (it took the threat of a court suit to have the college stand by its appointment) because he had been a nonviolent pacifist with a belief that knowledge has to do with bringing people together rather than destroying them. His sin was in going to North Vietnam to see what the terms of peace would be in order to end the war.

Charles Hitch, as nuclear warrior bookkeeper, showed how to organize human and material resources for the Vietnam war and others. He is rewarded by being given responsibility for the education of the nation's young, and stewardship over America's most important university system.

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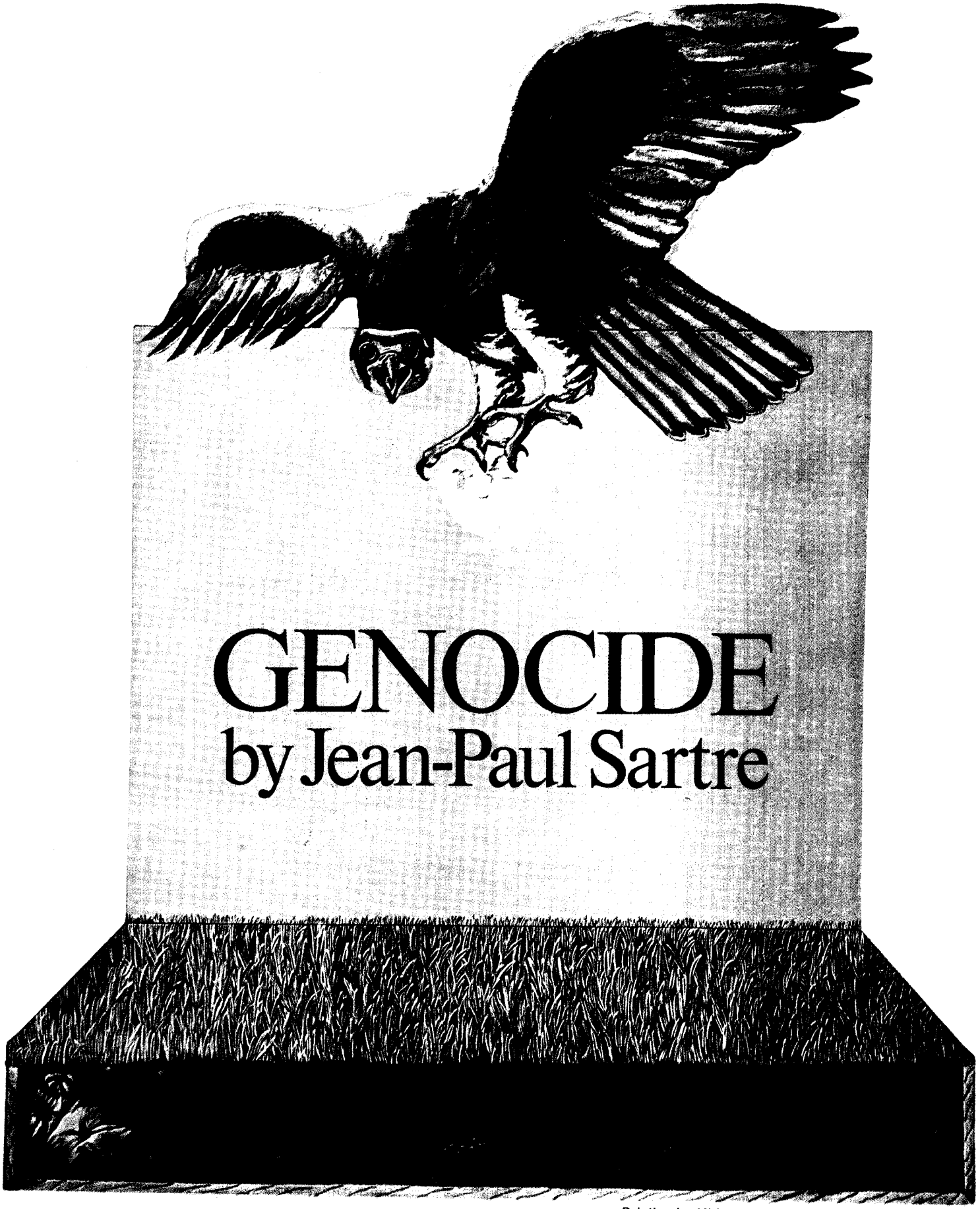

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Introduction

Carl Oglesby, former president of Students for a Democratic Society and author of Containment and Change, *was a member of the International War Crimes Tribunal, called by Jean-Paul Sartre and Bertrand Russell to consider U.S. actions in Vietnam. Among the charges taken up by the Tribunal was genocide. It was in this context that Sartre's paper was written. The background of its conception is described here by Mr. Oglesby.*

ON THE EVENING OF THE THIRD DAY of the session, November 22, our Tribunal held a special closed meeting at a luxurious home in the posh Copenhagen suburb of Lyngby.

To say there was a pall over the Lyngby meeting would be to exaggerate. But we did wait uncertainly for Sartre, the diminutive giant, to deliver us from the genocide dilemma—the impending need was to reach a verdict on this, the most difficult of the charges we had to consider.

In a sense, it does not really matter whether American action in Vietnam is fixed with the term "genocide." That action is, in any case, just what it *is*: precisely that particular pattern, sequence and aggregation of deeds. Its meaning is intrinsic, beyond the need for clarification, beyond the power of abstract thought to alter. What it is called has little to do with its character as concrete human experience.

But simply by calling itself a "Tribunal" and by laying some claim to Nuremberg ancestry, this project of upstart justice committed itself to a judgment of a Western state in the light of Western laws. It did not create law or judge these laws. Rather, the Tribunal presupposed them, as the basis of its own right to exist and as the source of its intellectual method. It received law and acquired fact in order to ask, "Do these facts prove that these laws have been broken?"

This method encountered little difficulty with the other accusations. The United States was guilty of a crime against the peace, for example, if the historical record revealed the U.S. to be the aggressor in Vietnam; guilty of war crimes if there was evidence of deliberate and systematic attacks on nonmilitary targets; and guilty of crimes against humanity if war crimes were committed with a certain intensity and regularity.

But with genocide the Tribunal knew it had laid hands on an ambiguous and volatile concept.

In the first place, the term has an historical resonance which makes it extremely unstable, even *fragile:* only speak the word and an image of Auschwitz appears. If for no other reason than respect for the six million, one must use this word with great seriousness. Fail to do so, let the voice crack just once, and the concept of genocide loses its delicate juridical-historical equilibrium and dissolves, becoming useless to the Vietnamese and forgetful of the Jewish victims whose fate gave the term its primary moral content. This word should be held in reserve. It is the name of the ultimate crime. Its purity is essential.

In terms of the Tribunal, this meant that very careful definition was necessary; or rather, that it was necessary to employ carefully the definition which had currency and legal weight.

The relevant document, from the Geneva Convention of 9 December 1948, is a sequel to the U.N. General Assembly's declaration, resolution 96(I), of 11 December 1946, "that genocide is a crime under international law, contrary to the spirits and aims of the United Nations and condemned by the civilized world."

Sartre's mind was not made up when we met that night. He argued in the first place that the Convention's definition of genocide was too vague and formal to be of much use in the present case, but secondly that it might be "unfair" (the interpreter's word) to accuse the United States of killing the Vietnamese *as such.* His proposal was that the Tribunal should announce its verdicts on the other questions considered at that session and then spend two days in public discussion of genocide—by which he meant, apparently, that on those two days several opinions on the question would be read.

Sartre spent the next days drafting the paper and in the process persuaded himself, and ultimately the Tribunal, that there was no need for such tentativeness. On November 30, at a closed meeting which lasted until about 4:00 a.m., we heard, discussed and in small part amended the paper which Sartre read the next day, the final day of the session, immediately before Vladimir Dedijer's delivery of the verdicts.

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The word "genocide" is relatively new. It was coined by the jurist Raphael Lemkin between the two world wars. But the fact of genocide is as old as humanity. To this day there has been no society protected by its structure from committing that (Continued)

crime. Every case of genocide is a product of history and bears the stamp of the society which has given birth to it. The one we have before us for judgment is the act of the greatest capitalist power in the world today. It is as such that we must try to analyze it—in other words, as the simultaneous expression of the economic infrastructure of that power, its political objectives and the contradictions of its present situation.

In particular, we must try to understand the genocidal intent in the war which the American government is waging against Vietnam, for Article 2 of the 1948 Geneva Convention defines genocide on the basis of intent; the Convention was tacitly referring to memories which were still fresh. Hitler had proclaimed it his deliberate intent to exterminate the Jews. He made genocide a political means and did not hide it. A Jew had to be put to death, whoever he was, not for having been caught carrying a weapon or for having joined a resistance movement, but simply *because he was a Jew*. The American government has avoided making such clear statements. It has even claimed that it was answering the call of its allies, the South Vietnamese, who had been attacked by the communists. Is it possible for us, by studying the facts objectively, to discover implicit in them such a genocidal intention? And after such an investigation, can we say that the armed forces of the United States are killing Vietnamese in Vietnam for the simple reason that they are Vietnamese?

This is something which can only be established after an historical examination: the structure of war changes right along with the infrastructures of society. Between 1860 and the present day, the meaning and the objectives of military conflicts have changed profoundly, the final stage of this metamorphosis being precisely the "war of example" which the United States is waging in Vietnam.

In 1856, there was a convention for the protection of the property of neutrals; 1864, Geneva: protection for the wounded; 1899, 1907, The Hague: two conferences which attempted to make rules for war. It is no accident that jurists and governments were multiplying their efforts to "humanize war" on the very eve of the two most frightful massacres that mankind has ever known. Vladimir Dedijer has shown very effectively in his study "On Military Conventions" that the capitalist societies during this same period were giving birth to the monster of total war in which they express their true nature. He attributes this phenomenon to the following:

1. The competition between industrial nations fighting for new markets produces a permanent antagonism which is expressed in ideology and in practice by what is known as "bourgeois nationalism."

2. The development of industry, which is the source of this hostility, provides the means of resolving it to the advantage of one of the competitors, through the production of more and more *massively* destructive weapons. The consequence of this development is that it becomes increasingly difficult to make any distinction between the front and behind the lines, between the civilian population and the soldiers.

3. At the same time, new military objectives—the factories—arise near the towns. And even when they are not producing materiel directly for the armies, they maintain, at least to some extent, the economic strength of the country. It is precisely this strength that the enemy aims to destroy: this is at once the aim of war and the means to that end.

4. The consequence of this is that everyone is mobilized: the peasant fights at the front, the worker fights behind the lines,

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the peasant women take over for their husbands in the fields. This *total* struggle of nation against nation tends to make the worker a soldier too, since in the last analysis the power which is economically stronger is more likely to win.

5. The democratic facade of the bourgeois nations and the emancipation of the working class have led to the participation of the masses in politics. The masses have no control at all over government decisions, but the middle classes imagine that by voting they exercise some kind of remote control. Except in cases of defensive wars, the working classes are torn between their desire for peace and the nationalism which has been instilled in them. Thus war, seen in a new light and distorted by propaganda, becomes the ethical decision of the whole community. All the citizens of each warring nation (or almost all, after they have been manipulated) are the enemies of all those of the other country. War has become absolutely total.

6. These same societies, as they continue their technological expansion, continue to extend the scope of their competition by increasing communications. The famous "One World" of the Americans was already in existence by the end of the 19th century when Argentine wheat dealt a final blow to English agriculture. Total war is no longer only between all members of one national community and all those of another: it is also total because it will very likely set the whole world up in flames.

Thus, war between the bourgeois nations—of which the 1914 war was the first example but which had threatened Europe since 1900—is not the "invention" of one man or one government, but simply a necessity for those who, since the beginning of the century, have sought to "extend politics by other means." The option is clear: either *no* war or *that* kind of total war. Our fathers fought that kind of war. And the governments who saw it coming, with neither the intelligence nor the courage to stop it, were wasting their time and the time of the jurists when they stupidly tried to "humanize" it.

Nevertheless, during the First World War a genocidal intent appeared only sporadically. As in previous centuries, the essential aim was to crush the military power of the enemy and only secondarily to ruin his economy. But even though there was no longer any clear distinction between civilians and soldiers, it was still only rarely (except for a few terrorist raids) that the civilian population was expressly made a target. Moreover, the belligerent nations (or at least those who were doing the fighting) were industrial powers. This made for a certain initial balance: against the possibility of any real extermination each side had its own deterrent force—namely the power of applying the law of "an eye for an eye." This explains why, in the midst of the carnage, a kind of prudence was maintained.

HOWEVER, SINCE 1830, throughout the last century and continuing to this very day, there have been countless acts of genocide whose causes are likewise to be found in the structure of capitalist societies. To export their products and their capital, the great powers, particularly England and France, set up colonial empires. The name "overseas possessions" given by the French to their conquests indicates clearly that they had been able to acquire them only by wars of aggression. The adversary was sought out in his own territory, in Africa and Asia, in the underdeveloped countries, and far from waging "total war" (which would have required an initial balance of forces), the colonial powers, because of their overwhelming superiority of firepower, found it necessary to commit only an expeditionary force. Victory was easy, at least in conventional military terms. But since this blatant aggression kindled the hatred of the civilian population, and since civilians were potentially rebels and soldiers, the colonial troops maintained their authority by terror—by perpetual massacre. These massacres were genocidal in character: they aimed at the destruction of "a part of an ethnic, national, or religious group" in order to terrorize the remainder and to wrench apart the indigenous society.

After the bloodbath of conquest in Algeria during the last century, the French imposed the *Code Civil*, with its middle-class conceptions of property and inheritance, on a tribal society where each community held land in common. Thus they systematically destroyed the economic infrastructure of the country, and tribes of peasants soon saw their lands fall into the hands of French speculators. Indeed, colonization is not a matter of mere conquest as was the German annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; it is by its very nature an act of cultural genocide. Colonization cannot take place without systematically liquidating all the characteristics of the native society—and simultaneously refusing to integrate the natives into the mother country and denying them access to its advantages. Colonialism is, after all, an economic system: the colony sells its raw materials and agricultural products at a reduced price to the colonizing power. The latter, in return, sells its manufactured goods to the colony at world market prices. This curious system of trade is only possible if there is a colonial subproletariat which can be forced to work for starvation wages. For the subject people this inevitably means the extinction of their national character, culture, customs, sometimes even language. They live in their underworld of misery like dark phantoms ceaselessly reminded of their subhumanity.

However, their value as an almost unpaid labor force protects them, to a certain extent, against physical genocide. The Nuremberg Tribunal was still fresh in people's minds when the French massacred 45,000 Algerians at Setif, as an "example." But this sort of thing was so commonplace that no one even thought to condemn the French government in the same terms as they did the Nazis.

But this "deliberate destruction of a part of a national group" could not be carried out any more extensively without harming the interests of the French settlers. By exterminating the subproletariat, they would have exterminated themselves as settlers. This explains the contradictory attitude of these *pieds-noirs* during the Algerian war: they urged the Army to commit massacres, and more than one of them dreamed of total genocide. At the same time they attempted to compel the Algerians to "fraternize" with them. It is because France could neither liquidate the Algerian people nor integrate them with the French that it lost the Algerian war.

THESE OBSERVATIONS ENABLE US to understand how the structure of colonial wars underwent a transformation after the end of the Second World War. For it was at about this time that the colonial peoples, enlightened by that conflict and its impact on the "empires," and later by the victory of Mao Tse-tung, resolved to regain their national independence. The characteristics of the struggle were determined from the beginning: the colonialists had the superiority in weapons, the indigenous population the advantage of numbers. Even in Algeria—a colony where there was settle-

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ment as much as there was exploitation—the proportion of *colons* to natives was one to nine. During the two world wars, many of the colonial peoples had been trained as soldiers and had become experienced fighters. However, the short supply and poor quality of their arms—at least in the beginning—kept the number of fighting units low. These objective conditions dictated their strategy, too: terrorism, ambushes, harassing the enemy, extreme mobility of the combat groups which had to strike unexpectedly and disappear at once. This was made possible only by the support of the entire population. Hence the famous symbiosis between the liberation forces and the masses of people: the former everywhere organizing agrarian reforms, political organs and education; the latter supporting, feeding and hiding the soldiers of the army of liberation, and replenishing its ranks with their sons.

It is no accident that people's war, with its principles, its strategy, its tactics and its theoreticians, appeared at the very moment that the industrial powers pushed total war to the ultimate by the industrial production of atomic fission. Nor is it any accident that it brought about the destruction of colonialism. The contradiction which led to the victory of the FLN in Algeria was characteristic of that time; people's war sounded the death-knell of conventional warfare at exactly the same moment as the hydrogen bomb. Against partisans supported by the entire population, the colonial armies were helpless. They had only one way of escaping this demoralizing harassment which threatened to culminate in a Dien Bien Phu, and that was to "empty the sea of its water"—i.e. the civilian population. And, in fact, the colonial soldiers soon learned that their most redoubtable foes were the silent, stubborn peasants who, just one kilometer from the scene of the ambush which had wiped out a regiment, knew nothing, had seen nothing. And since it was the unity of an entire people which held the conventional army at bay, the only anti-guerrilla strategy which could work was the destruction of this people, in other words, of civilians, of women and children.

Torture and genocide: that was the answer of the colonial powers to the revolt of the subject peoples. And that answer, as we know, was worthless unless it was thorough and total. The populace—resolute, united by the politicized and fierce partisan army—was no longer to be cowed as in the good old days of colonialism, by an "admonitory" massacre which was supposed to serve "as an example." On the contrary, this only augmented the people's hate. Thus it was no longer a question of intimidating the populace, but rather of physically liquidating it. And since that was not possible without concurrently liquidating the colonial economy and the whole colonial system, the settlers panicked, the colonial powers got tired of pouring men and money into an interminable conflict, the mass of the people in the mother country opposed the continuation of an inhuman war, and the colonies became sovereign states.

THERE HAVE BEEN CASES, HOWEVER, in which the genocidal response to people's war is not checked by infrastructural contradictions. Then total genocide emerges as the absolute basis of an anti-guerrilla strategy. And under certain conditions it even emerges as the explicit objective—sought either immediately or by degrees. This is precisely what is happening in the Vietnam war. We are dealing here with a new stage in the development of imperialism, a stage usually called neo-colonialism because it is characterized by aggression against a former colony which has already gained its independence, with the aim of subjugating it anew to colonial rule. With the beginning of independence, the neo-colonialists take care to finance a *putsch* or *coup d'état* so that the new heads of state do not represent the interests of the masses but those of a narrow privileged strata, and, consequently, of foreign capital.

Ngo Dinh Diem appeared—hand-picked, maintained and armed by the United States. He proclaimed his decision to reject the Geneva Agreements and to constitute the Vietnamese territory to the south of the 17th parallel as an independent state. What followed was the necessary consequence of these premises: a police force and an army were created to hunt down people who had fought against the French, and who now felt thwarted of their victory, a sentiment which automatically marked them as enemies of the new regime. In short, it was the reign of terror which provoked a new uprising in the South and rekindled the people's war.

Did the United States ever imagine that Diem could nip the revolt in the bud? In any event, they lost no time in sending in experts and then troops, and then they were involved in the conflict up to their necks. And we find once again almost the same pattern of war as the one that Ho Chi Minh fought against the French, except that at first the American government declared that it was only sending its troops out of generosity, to fulfill its obligations to an ally.

That is the outward appearance. But looking deeper, these two successive wars are essentially different in character: the United States, unlike France, has no economic interests in Vietnam. American firms have made some investments, but not so much that they couldn't be sacrificed, if necessary, without troubling the American nation as a whole or really hurting the monopolies. Moreover, since the U.S. government is not waging the war for reasons of a *directly* economic nature, there is nothing to stop it from ending the war by the ultimate tactic —in other words, by genocide. This is not to say that there is proof that the U.S. does in fact envision genocide, but simply that nothing prevents the U.S. from envisaging it.

In fact, according to the Americans themselves, the conflict has two objectives. Just recently, Dean Rusk stated: "We are defending ourselves." It is no longer Diem, the ally whom the Americans are generously helping out: it is the United States itself which is in danger in Saigon. Obviously, this means that the first objective is a military one: to encircle Communist China. Therefore, the United States will not let Southeast Asia escape. It has put its men in power in Thailand, it controls two-thirds of Laos and threatens to invade Cambodia. But these conquests will be hollow if it finds itself confronted by a free and unified Vietnam with 32 million inhabitants. That is why the military leaders like to talk in terms of "key positions." That is why Dean Rusk says, with unintentional humor, that the armed forces of the United States are fighting in Vietnam "in order to avoid a third world war." Either this phrase is meaningless, or else it must be taken to mean: "in order to *win* this third conflict." In short, the first objective is dictated by the necessity of establishing a Pacific line of defense, something which is necessary only in the context of the general policies of imperialism.

The second objective is an economic one. In October 1966, General Westmoreland defined it as follows: "We are fighting

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the war in Vietnam to show that guerrilla warfare does not pay." To show whom? The Vietnamese? That would be very surprising. Must so many human lives and so much money be wasted merely to teach a lesson to a nation of poor peasants thousands of miles from San Francisco? And, in particular, what need was there to attack them, provoke them into fighting and subsequently to go about crushing them, when the big American companies have only negligible interests in Vietnam? Westmoreland's statement, like Rusk's, has to be filled in. The Americans want to show others that guerrilla war does not pay: they want to show all the oppressed and exploited nations that might be tempted to shake off the American yoke by launching a people's war, at first against their own pseudo-governments, the compradors and the army, then against the U.S. "Special Forces," and finally against the GIs. In short, they want to show Latin America first of all, and more generally, all of the Third World. To Che Guevara who said, "We need several Vietnams," the American government answers, "They will all be crushed the way we are crushing the first."

In other words, this war has above all an admonitory value, as an example for three and perhaps four continents. (After all, Greece is a peasant nation too. A dictatorship has just been set up there; it is good to give the Greeks a warning: submit or face extermination.) This genocidal example is addressed to the whole of humanity. By means of this warning, six per cent of mankind hopes to succeed in controlling the other 94 per cent at a reasonably low cost in money and effort. Of course it would be preferable, for propaganda purposes, if the Vietnamese would submit before being exterminated. But it is not certain that the situation wouldn't be clearer if Vietnam *were* wiped off the map. Otherwise someone might think that Vietnam's submission had been attributable to some *avoidable* weakness. But if these peasants do not weaken for an instant, and if the price they pay for their heroism is *inevitable* death, the guerrillas of the future will be all the more discouraged.

At this point in our demonstration, three facts are established: (1) What the U.S. government wants is to have a base against China and to set an example. (2) The first objective *can* be achieved, without any difficulty (except, of course, for the resistance of the Vietnamese), by wiping out a whole people and imposing the Pax Americana on an uninhabited Vietnam. (3) To achieve the second, the U.S. *must* carry out, at least in part, this extermination.

THE DECLARATIONS OF AMERICAN STATESMEN are not as candid as Hitler's were in his day. But candor is not essential to us here. It is enough that the facts speak; the speeches which come with them are believed only by the American people. The rest of the world understands well enough: governments which are the friends of the United States keep silent; the others denounce this genocide. The Americans try to reply that these unproved accusations only show these governments' partiality. "In fact," the American government says, "all we have ever done is to offer the Vietnamese, North and South, the option of ceasing their aggression or being crushed." It is scarcely necessary to mention that this offer is absurd, since it is the Americans who commit the aggression and consequently they are the only ones who can put an end to it. But this absurdity is not undeliberate: the Americans are ingeniously formulating, without appearing to do so, a demand which the Vietnamese cannot satisfy. They do offer an alternative: Declare you are beaten or we will bomb you back to the stone age. But the fact remains that the second term of this alternative is genocide. They have said: "genocide, yes, but *conditional* genocide." Is this juridically valid? Is it even conceivable?

If the proposition made any juridical sense at all, the U.S. government might narrowly escape the accusation of genocide. But the 1948 Convention leaves no such loopholes: an act of genocide, especially if it is carried out over a period of several years, is no less genocide for being blackmail. The perpetrator may declare he will stop if the victim gives in; this is still—without any juridical doubt whatsoever—a genocide. And this is all the more true when, as is the case here, a good part of the group has been annihilated to force the rest to give in.

But let us look at this more closely and examine the nature of the two terms of the alternative. In the South, the choice is the following: villages burned, the populace subjected to massive bombing, livestock shot, vegetation destroyed by defoliants, crops ruined by toxic aerosols, and everywhere indiscriminate shooting, murder, rape and looting. This is genocide in the strictest sense: massive extermination. The other option: what is *it?* What are the Vietnamese people supposed to do to escape this horrible death? Join the armed forces of Saigon or be enclosed in strategic or today's "New Life" hamlets, two names for the same concentration camps?

We know about these camps from numerous witnesses. They are fenced in by barbed wire. Even the most elementary needs are denied: there is malnutrition and a total lack of hygiene. The prisoners are heaped together in small tents or sheds. The social structure is destroyed. Husbands are separated from their wives, mothers from their children; family life, so important to the Vietnamese, no longer exists. As families are split up, the birth rate falls; any possibility of religious or cultural life is suppressed; even work—the work which might permit people to maintain themselves and their families—is refused them. These unfortunate people are not even slaves (slavery did not prevent the Negroes in the United States from developing a rich culture); they are reduced to a living heap of vegetable existence. When, sometimes, a fragmented family group is freed—children with an elder sister or a young mother—it goes to swell the ranks of the subproletariat in the big cities; the elder sister or the mother, with no job and mouths to feed reaches the last stage of her degradation in prostituting herself to the GIs.

The camps I describe are but another kind of genocide, equally condemned by the 1948 Convention:

"Causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group.

"Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part.

"Imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group.

"Forcibly transferring children of the group to another group."

In other words, it is not true that the choice is between death or submission. For submission, in those circumstances, is submission to genocide. Let us say that a choice must be made between a violent and immediate death and a slow death from mental and physical degradation. Or, if you prefer, *there is no choice at all.*

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Is it any different for the North?

One choice is *extermination*. Not just the daily risk of death, but the systematic destruction of the economic base of the country: from the dikes to the factories, nothing will be left standing. Deliberate attacks against civilians and, in particular, the rural population. Systematic destruction of hospitals, schools and places of worship. An all-out campaign to destroy the achievements of 20 years of socialism. The purpose may be only to intimidate the populace. But this can only be achieved by the daily extermination of an ever larger part of the group. So this intimidation itself in its psycho-social consequence is a genocide. Among the children in particular it must be engendering psychological disorders which will for years, if not permanently, "cause serious . . . mental harm."

The other choice is *capitulation*. This means that the North Vietnamese must declare themselves ready to stand by and watch while their country is divided and the Americans impose a direct or indirect dictatorship on their compatriots, in fact on members of their own families from whom the war has separated them. And would this intolerable humiliation bring an end to the war? This is far from certain. The National Liberation Front and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, although fraternally united, have different strategies and tactics because their war situations are different. If the NLF continued the struggle, American bombs would go on blasting the DRV whether it capitulated or not.

If the war were to cease, the United States—according to official statements—would feel very generously inclined to help in the reconstruction of the DRV, and we know exactly what this means. It means that the United States would destroy, through private investments and conditional loans, the whole economic base of socialism. And this too is genocide. They would be splitting a sovereign country in half, occupying one of the halves by a reign of terror and keeping the other half under control by economic pressure. The "national group" Vietnam would not be physically eliminated, yet it would no longer exist. Economically, politically and culturally it would be suppressed.

In the North as in the South, the choice is only between two types of liquidation: collective death or dismemberment. The American government has had ample opportunity to test the resistance of the NLF and the DRV: by now it knows that only total destruction will be effective. The Front is stronger than ever; North Vietnam is unshakable. For this very reason, the calculated extermination of the Vietnamese people cannot really be intended to make them capitulate. The Americans offer them a *paix des braves* knowing full well that they will not accept it. And this phony alternative hides the true goal of imperialism, which is to reach, step by step, the highest stage of escalation—total genocide.

Of course, the United States government *could have* tried to reach this stage in one jump and wipe out Vietnam in a *Blitzkrieg* against the whole country. But this extermination first required setting up complicated installations—for instance, creating and maintaining air bases in Thailand which would shorten the bombing runs by 3000 miles.

Meanwhile, the major *purpose* of "escalation" was, and still is, to prepare international opinion for genocide. From this point of view, Americans have succeeded only too well. The repeated and systematic bombings of populated areas of Haiphong and Hanoi, which two years ago would have raised violent protests in Europe, occur today in a climate of general indifference resulting perhaps more from catatonia than from apathy. The tactic has borne its fruit: public opinion now sees escalation as a slowly and continuously increasing pressure to bargain, while in reality it is the preparation of minds for the final genocide. Is such a genocide possible? No. But that is due to the Vietnamese and the Vietnamese alone; to their courage, and to the remarkable efficiency of their organization. As for the United States government, it cannot be absolved of its crime just because its victim has enough intelligence and enough heroism to limit its effects.

We may conclude that in the face of a people's war (the characteristic product of our times, the answer to imperialism and the demand for sovereignty of a people conscious of its unity) there are two possible responses: either the aggressor withdraws, he acknowledges that a whole nation confronts him, and he makes peace; or else he recognizes the inefficacy of conventional strategy, and, if he can do so without jeopardizing his interests, he resorts to extermination pure and simple. There is no third alternative, but making peace is still at least *possible*.

But as the armed forces of the U.S.A. entrench themselves firmly in Vietnam, as they intensify the bombing and the massacres, as they try to bring Laos under their control, as they plan the invasion of Cambodia, there is less and less doubt that the government of the United States, despite its hypocritical denials, has chosen genocide.

THE GENOCIDAL INTENT IS IMPLICIT in the facts. It is necessarily premeditated. Perhaps in bygone times, in the midst of tribal wars, acts of genocide were perpetrated on the spur of the moment in fits of passion. But the anti-guerrilla genocide which our times have produced requires organization, military bases, a structure of accomplices, budget appropriations. Therefore, its authors must meditate and plan out their act. Does this mean that they are thoroughly conscious of their intentions? It is impossible to decide. We would have to plumb the depths of their consciences—and the Puritan bad faith of Americans works wonders.

There are probably people in the State Department who have become so used to fooling themselves that they still think they are working for the good of the Vietnamese people. However, we may only surmise that there are fewer and fewer of these hypocritical innocents after the recent statements of their spokesmen: "We are defending ourselves; even if the Saigon government begged us, we would not leave Vietnam, etc., etc." At any rate, we don't have to concern ourselves with this psychological hide-and-seek. The truth is apparent *on the battlefield* in the racism of the American soldiers.

This racism—anti-black, anti-Asiatic, anti-Mexican—is a basic American attitude with deep historical roots and which existed, latently and overtly, well before the Vietnamese conflict. One proof of this is that the United States government refused to ratify the Genocide Convention. This doesn't mean that in 1948 the U.S. intended to exterminate a people; what it does mean—according to the statements of the U.S. Senate—is that the Convention would conflict with the laws of several states; in other words, the current policymakers enjoy a free hand in Vietnam because their predecessors catered to the anti-black racism of Southern whites. In any case, since 1966, the racism of Yankee soldiers, from Saigon to the 17th parallel,

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has become more and more marked. Young American men use torture (even including the "field telephone treatment"*), they shoot unarmed women for nothing more than target practice, they kick wounded Vietnamese in the genitals, they cut ears off dead men to take home for trophies. Officers are the worst: a general boasted of hunting "VCs" from his helicopter and gunning them down in the rice paddies. Obviously, these were not NLF soldiers who knew how to defend themselves; they were peasants tending their rice. In the confused minds of the American soldiers, "Viet Cong" and "Vietnamese" tend increasingly to blend into one another. They often say themselves, "The only good Vietnamese is a dead Vietnamese," or what amounts to the same thing, "A dead Vietnamese is a Viet Cong."

For example: south of the 17th parallel, peasants prepare to harvest their rice. American soldiers arrive on the scene, set fire to their houses and want to transfer them to a strategic hamlet. The peasants protest. What else can they do, barehanded against these Martians? They say: "The quality of the rice is good; we want to stay to eat our rice." Nothing more. But this is enough to irritate the young Yankees: "It's the Viet Cong who put that into your head; they are the ones who have taught you to resist." These soldiers are so misled that they take the feeble protests which their own violence has aroused for "subversive" resistance. At the outset, they were probably disappointed: they came to save Vietnam from "communist aggressors." But they soon had to realize that the Vietnamese did not want them. Their attractive role as liberators changed to that of occupation troops. For the soldiers it was the first glimmering of consciousness: "We are unwanted, we have no business here." But they go no further. They simply tell themselves that a Vietnamese is by definition suspect.

And from the neo-colonialists' point of view, this is true. They vaguely understand that in a people's war, civilians are the only visible enemies. Their frustration turns to hatred of the Vietnamese; racism takes it from there. The soldiers discover with a savage joy that they are there to kill the Vietnamese they had been pretending to save. All of them are potential communists, as proved by the fact that they hate Americans.

Now we can recognize in those dark and misled souls the truth of the Vietnam war: it meets all of Hitler's specifications. Hitler killed the Jews because they were Jews. The armed forces of the United States torture and kill men, women and children in Vietnam merely *because they are Vietnamese*. Whatever lies or euphemisms the government may think up, the spirit of genocide is in the minds of the soldiers. This is their way of living out the genocidal situation into which their government has thrown them. As Peter Martinson, a 23-year-old student who had "interrogated" prisoners for ten months and could scarcely live with his memories, said: "I am a middle-class American. I look like any other student, yet somehow I am a war criminal." And he was right when he added: "Anyone in my place would have acted as I did." His only mistake was to attribute his degrading crimes to the influence of war *in general*.

No, it is not war in the abstract: it is the greatest power on earth against a poor peasant people. Those who fight it are *living out* the only possible relationship between an over-industrialized country and an underdeveloped country, that is to say, a genocidal relationship implemented through racism —the only relationship, short of picking up and pulling out.

Total war presupposes a certain balance of forces, a certain reciprocity. Colonial wars were not reciprocal, but the interests of the colonialists limited the scope of genocide. The present genocide, the end result of the unequal development of societies, is total war waged to the limit by one side, without the slightest reciprocity.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IS NOT GUILTY of inventing modern genocide, or even of having chosen it from other possible and effective measures against guerrilla warfare. It is not guilty, for example, of having preferred genocide for strategic and economic reasons. Indeed, genocide presents itself as the *only possible reaction* to the rising of a whole people against its oppressors.

The American government is guilty of having preferred, and of still preferring, a policy of war and aggression aimed at total genocide to a policy of peace, the only policy which can really replace the former. A policy of peace would necessarily have required a reconsideration of the objectives imposed on that government by the large imperialist companies through the intermediary of their pressure groups. America is guilty of continuing and intensifying the war despite the fact that every day its leaders realize more acutely, from the reports of the military commanders, that the only way to win is "to free Vietnam of all the Vietnamese." The government is guilty—despite the lessons it has been taught by this unique, unbearable experience—of proceeding at every moment a little further along a path which leads it to the point of no return. And it is guilty—according to its own admissions—of consciously carrying out this admonitory war in order to use genocide as a challenge and a threat to all peoples of the world.

We have seen that one of the features of total war has been the growing scope and efficiency of communication. As early as 1914, war could no longer be "localized." It had to spread throughout the whole world. In 1967, this process is being intensified. The ties of the "One World," on which the United States wants to impose its hegemony, have grown tighter and tighter. For this reason, as the American government very well knows, the current genocide is conceived as an answer to people's war and perpetrated in Vietnam not against the Vietnamese alone, but against humanity.

When a peasant falls in his rice paddy, mowed down by a machine gun, every one of us is hit. The Vietnamese fight for all men and the American forces against all. Neither figuratively nor abstractly. And not only because genocide would be a crime universally condemned by international law, but because little by little the whole human race is being subjected to this genocidal blackmail piled on top of atomic blackmail, that is, to absolute, total war. This crime, carried out every day before the eyes of the world, renders all who do not denounce it accomplices of those who commit it, so that we are being degraded today for our future enslavement.

In this sense imperialist genocide can only become more complete. The group which the United States wants to intimidate and terrorize by way of the Vietnamese nation is the human group in its entirety.

* The portable generator for a field telephone is used as an instrument for interrogation by hitching the two lead wires to the victim's genitals and turning the handle (editor's note).

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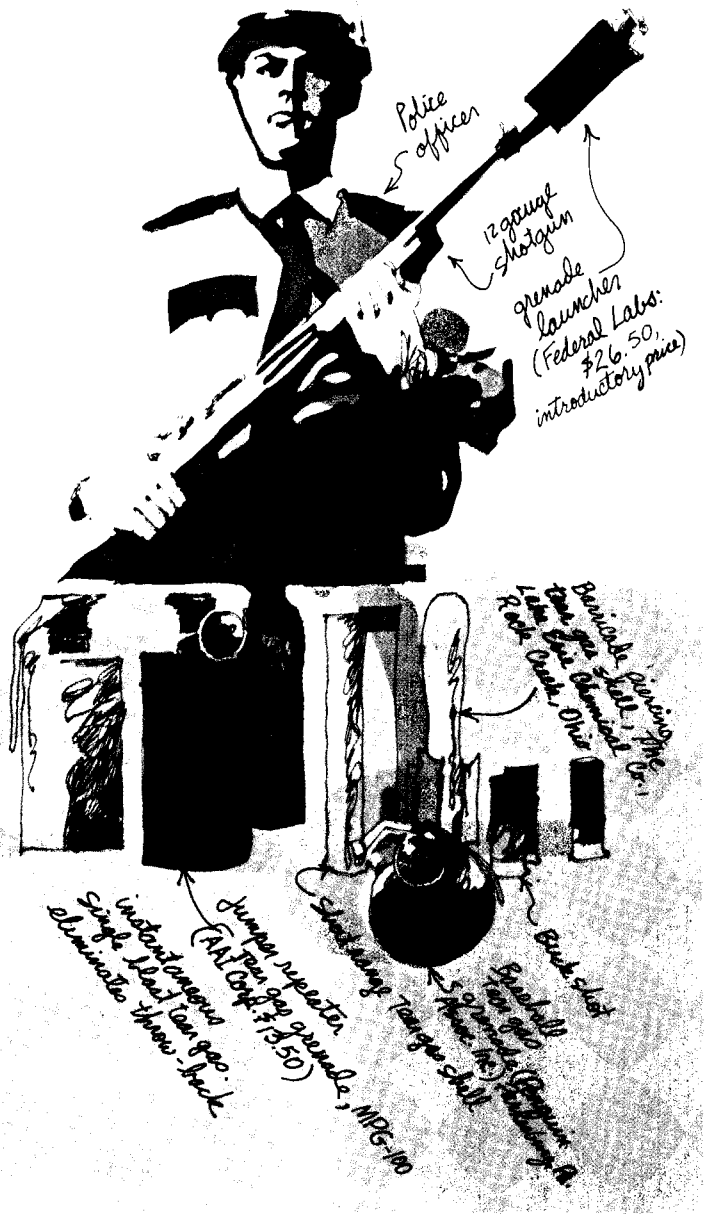
Support Your Local Police State:

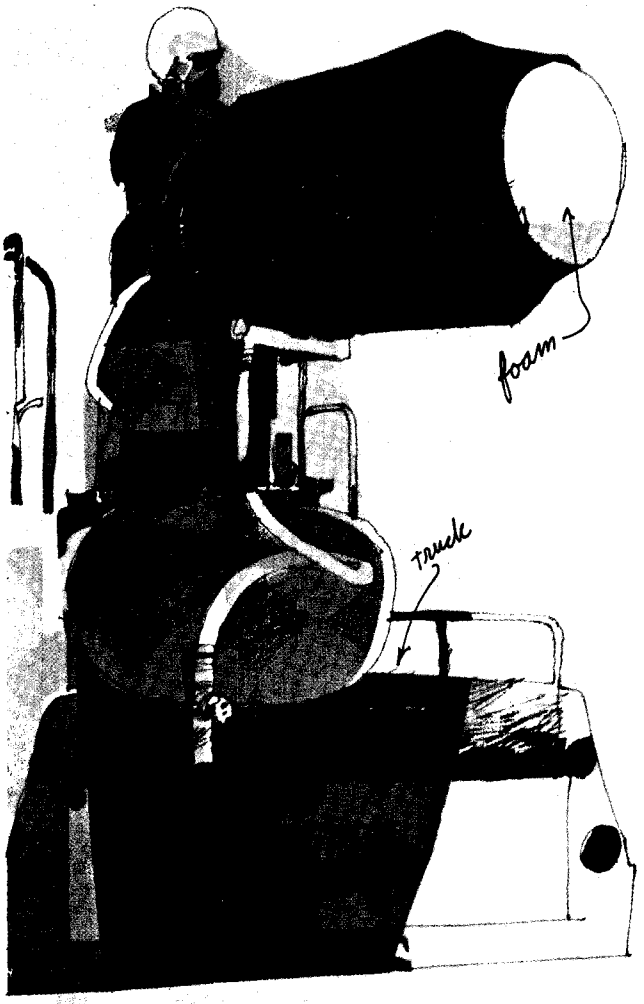
The weapons pictured on the following pages are not lifted from Men in Action comic books; they are copied from the advertisements of the companies who make them. They are not intended for use in Vietnam. They are meant to be used in the United States: in the ghettos, on the campuses, at the induction centers. Police departments all over the country are laying in supplies of these weapons. The original prototypes were developed by the Army and the Public Safety Division of AID (Agency for International Development) for use in Vietnam and in other United States allied countries in the Third World. But now they are in production and available on the domestic market.*

All are termed "non-lethal" by their manufacturers and their customers, meaning that they are intended to incapacitate and to maim, rather than to kill. Policemen and "law enforcement" agencies are welcoming these weapons as humanitarian innovations. Next year's gassed and clubbed citizens may not agree.

*The one exception is the Defensor foam thrower (on this page), which has been taken off the market. Apparently a Defensor salesman, while demonstrating this "non-lethal" weapon to his eager customers, slipped on the foam and fractured his skull.

Illustrated by Don Weller


Police officer
12 gauge shotgun
grenade launcher (Federal Labs: $26.50, introductory price)
Barricade piercing projectile, fires tear gas (Chemical Co., Rock Creek, Ohio)
Buck shot
Speedball (Penguin Projectiles, Inc.)
Streaking Tanager shell
Jumper repeater (PAL Corp. $75.50)
Instantaneous Single Blast foam gas eliminates throw-back
Tear gas grenade, MPG-100



foam thrower: "Defensor" High Volume Foam Generator, manufactured by Defensor Protective Equipment, Inc., Media, Pa.

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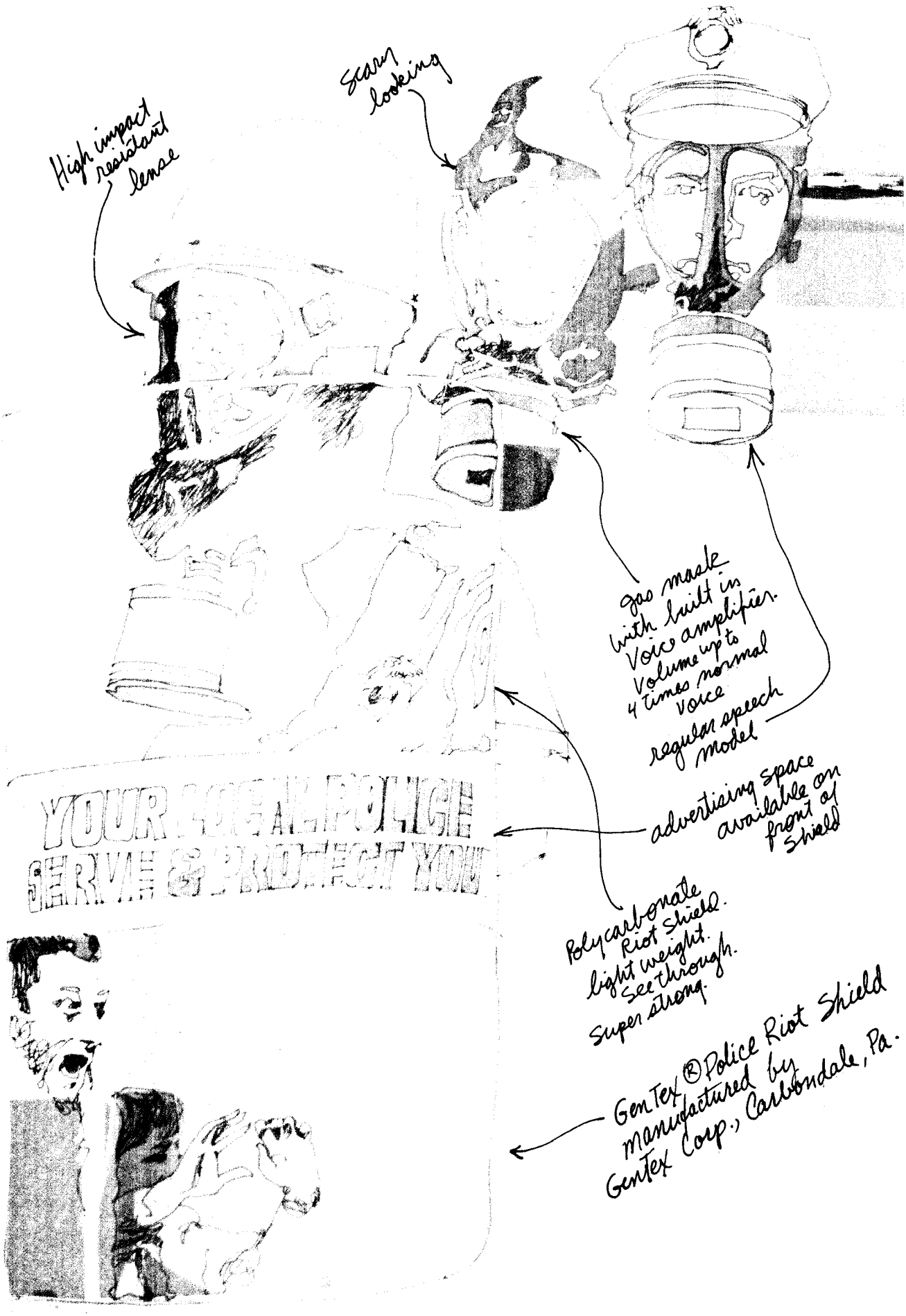
High impact resistant lense
Scary looking
gas mask with built in Voice amplifier. Volume up to 4 times normal voice
regular speech model
advertising space available on front of shield
Polycarbonate Riot Shield. light weight. See through. Super strong.
GenTex ® Police Riot Shield manufactured by GenTex Corp., Carbondale, Pa.

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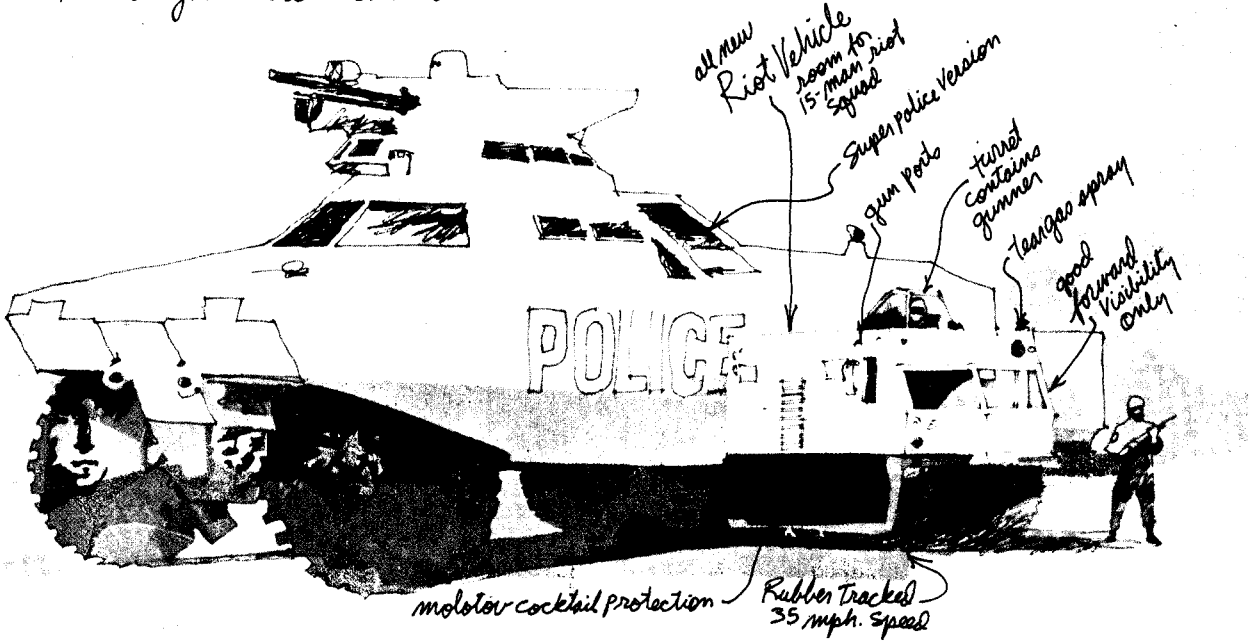
Model R-2 MPPV tank, manufactured by
B & H Co., Leesburg, Florida : $32,000



Riotrol® (instant bannana peel),
manufactured by
The Western Co., Richardson, Texas : $5.95/lb. (50 lb. minimum)

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EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED in Washington from October 16 to October 23 was planned in detail by the Pentagon. Everyone who came to Washington that day walked smack into a Pentagon trap.

My awareness of the extent to which the demonstration was controlled by the Pentagon stems from my thorough familiarity with the Pentagon's plans—and the demonstrators'—well before the demonstration. I was, at the time, stationed at the Pentagon in a highly placed intelligence-and-security unit. Our job, essentially, was to observe, report and coordinate information; we had been planning for the demonstration since August, and at Thanksgiving we were still collating reports of arrests. I read several thousand pages of government reports, I knew what was expected of us and of the protesters, and I was appalled to see how neatly the government had the peace movement pegged.

During the demonstration itself, I was stationed at various times in two of the command posts, on the roof, on the press truck, at the mall, with the demonstrators ("observing" in civilian clothes), inside, outside and through the MP lines. I went a lot of places the demonstrators and press couldn't go, and everywhere they could. I had coffee with the marshals. I found out from the soldiers on the line how they really felt about the demonstration—and why they went away feeling scorn for the peace movement. I watched reporters as their moods changed from sympathy to disgust.

Because of my job, I know too much about the war. To help shorten it I want to tell why the confrontation of October 21 backfired, and to outline the change of tactics needed for Pentagon demonstrations that won't backfire.

OBJECTIVELY SPEAKING, PERHAPS the best thing that could have happened on October 21 would have been for somebody to have been killed. For American soldiers to have shot unarmed American civilians exercising their right of free speech would have been a blow from which the administration could never recover. Yet, almost totally, the Pentagon either prevented violence or convincingly argued that the fault was the protesters'.

The Pentagon not only knew what moves were being planned against it; it also demonstrated consummate virtuosity in handling both the protection of the building and the manipulation of news. Since basically the same preparations will be made for future confrontations, it is important to examine them.

First of all, there was intelligence. Intelligence reported that a demonstration would take place. The Pentagon started its overall planning, which became more specific as more EEI (Essential Elements of Information) came in. Basically, the Pentagon found out the date of the demonstration and the approximate number of participants, together with their organizational affiliations, leaders and means of transportation.

This estimate was considerably more accurate than the estimate of the sponsors of the march, since it was based on chats with the operators of nearly every bus company in the United States, visits to the "ride to Washington" bulletin boards of colleges and other gathering places, and religious attendance at meetings of the participating groups.

Although the Department of Defense likes publicly to minimize the danger, and especially to provide low estimates of the number of demonstrators, privately they put some of their best planners and security officers on the job. The planners dreamed; they accepted the mundane and the fantastic. Beginning with a list of every possible move the marchers could make, they outlined the steps required to restore the status quo (which is in all cases what the Army will try to do), and they determined the logistics requirements: how many men, for how long, which units, what equipment.

In Vietnam, this procedure has failed; on the Pentagon lawn it worked perfectly. The Army had the marchers' moves planned for weeks ahead and, because of the massive coordination of its intelligence and communications nets, knew better than any single demonstrating group the plans of every group of participants, from the Michigan busloads to the East Village hippies. The minor details, such as who would try to break in and who would be arrested, were left up to the demonstrators.

At the most obvious level, the demonstration was manipulated from the start by the negotiations of General Services Administration (GSA) counsel Harry Van Cleve Jr, with representatives of the Coordinating Committee. What was not so obvious is that Van Cleve had specific reasons for every requirement and detail he laid down. Briefly, he wanted the demonstration where he could control it; and probably with the unwitting cooperation of the demonstration's leaders, he got it there. The ground was ideal for defense: a high wall separated the mass of demonstrators from the building, narrow approaches prevented a large-scale charge, there was a clear field of observation from the building and ready access for reinforcements by truck or on foot.

AS AN AMUSED OBSERVER of the Pentagon's feverish planning, I have to admit that the Pentagon's main fault was one of excess. We had plans to counteract everything, with minimum visible force (for the benefit of the press) and with a hefty reserve just out of sight.

For public relations purposes, the front line of MPs, except at night and during the clashes, wore the Class A uniform rather than fatigues. It is the usual day-to-day uniform of MPs in garrison; they wear the same thing directing traffic into Arlington Cemetery, except that at the Pentagon they wore helmet liners instead of caps.

We expected civil disobedience in the form of breaking into, throwing rocks at, or painting and defacing anything in reach. We anticipated arrests in numbers quite close to the actual outcome. We accurately estimated the number of demonstrators. In addition, we considered racist violence extremely probable; and we were ready for people who might try to burn themselves to death.

We had the orders, neatly mimeographed: anyone setting himself on fire was to be extinguished with blankets. At convenient locations barely out of sight, blankets were ready. Conferences with firefighting authorities revealed that CO_2 fire extinguishers freeze the victim, and soda-acid types damage the skin. Plain water turns the victim into a boiled frankfurter. Norman Morrison burned himself here, at the river entrance, and caught the Pentagon off guard; it was reported to security officials as "a small fire of undetermined origin." But self-immolation will not upset the Pentagon again.

Attorney General Ramsey Clark was in charge of the security of Washington over the weekend, with Undersecretary of the Army David E. McGiffert having nominal control of the troops. Like all the service secretaries, however, McGiffert

by Allen Woode

Photograph by Charles Moore/Black Star

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is a civilian. The military commander was the commanding general of the Military District of Washington, Major General Charles S. O'Malley Jr. Lieutenant General John L. Throckmorton, commander of the Third Army (much appreciated for his handling of the Detroit riot after the National Guard bungled it) was also in Washington over the weekend. Throckmorton was reportedly invited by the White House to "see if he could lend a hand"; in military terms, he has three stars to O'Malley's two, and he was the man to contend with—as he probably will be again whenever or wherever the President needs protection from his people.

In trucks and jeeps Throckmorton's troops jammed into the Pentagon, beginning some time after dark on Friday. They slept on the floor, on air mattresses, or not at all—creating an exciting and dramatic atmosphere in the usually drab corridors. Field kits, helmets, rifles, tear gas machines (looking like flamethrowers), cases of C rations—everything was there to give us that defender-of-the-castle feeling. At one time or another, there were approximately 2500 men, in addition to the 3000 Pentagon personnel who regularly work on weekends.

Among the extras were the Military District of Washington security force in the Pentagon (MPs who regularly work the Pentagon area, and who probably know more about its geography, secret entrances and gas-susceptible air ducts than anyone else in Washington), Pentagon counterintelligence and security people, and public information officers from the office of the secretary of Defense, working under Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs Phil Goulding. Representatives of the Army Photographic Agency provided propaganda coverage, not to mention, as Arlo Guthrie says, the aerial photography: various military helicopter and aerial reconnaissance pilots passed over from time to time.

With an eye to economy, the Pentagon shipped in forces from such nearby bases as Fort Hood, Texas (the 518th MP Battalion), and the Presidio of San Francisco (70th MP Bn.). Virginia provided elements of the 74th Transportation Bn. from Fort Eustis and the 91st Engineer Bn. from Fort Belvoir. The best-looking troops, remarkably well-disciplined, were from the 503rd MP Bn. at Fort Bragg; they did much of the work at the mall entrance, and as far as I can tell they never slept. Men from the 519th MP Bn. at Fort Dix and the 6th Armored Cavalry at Fort Meade were also seen. About 3000 members of the 82nd Airborne spent their weekend in tents along the runways at Andrews Air Force Base, across the Potomac and considerably south of the Pentagon, where enough helicopters had been assembled to transport them anywhere in Washington, a battalion at a time.

Although practically no one was aware of it, some 25,000 additional troops were denied their weekend passes and placed on alert status from one end of the country to the other. Contingency plans were formulated to airlift them in at the first sign of massive trouble. The nature of this trouble, if it came, was not expected from the peace demonstration, but rather from an anticipated split movement by black nationalists to destroy Washington. With a 60 per cent black population, Washington had squeaked through a nonviolent summer with a great deal more nervousness than it publicly admits. There were military units standing by all through the hot weather, ready to move at the first wise remark to a big white cop.

Logistic support for the Pentagon defenders included more than 500 trucks, buses and jeeps. Finally, a reserve of bulldozers was held at the south post of Fort Myer, for use either in Washington or at the Pentagon if it became necessary to move large numbers of people out of the way.

Not only military personnel protected the Pentagon; there were also the famous U.S. marshals who even scared me. All arrests on federal property fall under their jurisdiction; MPs can detain civilians but cannot arrest them.

Besides the marshals, there were, in larger numbers than usual, the U.S. Special Police, also known as the Pentagon Guard Force or the GSA Police (for General Services Administration). They are the men in blue who carry off most of the demonstrators at small Pentagon get-togethers. They are underpaid, sloppily trained and not to be taken seriously as a security force; but they do carry revolvers, and might be a considerable health hazard if frightened.

D.C. metropolitan police, Arlington County police, Virginia State police and U.S. park police (responsible for national park lands and often seen on the mall riding horses) all participated. Although not under the military chain of command, they established liaison and worked out their respective responsibilities beforehand. The Bureau of Corrections had extra people at Occoquan Workhouse, which they emptied of its regular inmates for the occasion. Also on hand was a supply of prosecuting attorneys and U.S. commissioners to roll out the justice. Lawyers from the Justice Department mingled with the crowds; D.C. police, FBI agents and special agents of the 116th and 902nd Military Intelligence Groups also circulated in the crowd, looking respectively for trouble spots, hard-core communists and threats of violence on a scale to require the services of the 82nd Airborne.

For the most part, the command post was a means of keeping the major commanders alert to what was happening: a sort of glorified telephone exchange. All the major decisions had been made beforehand, and it was the task of subordinate commanders to execute them.

SOME REPORTERS GLEEFULLY mentioned that a map of the District had replaced Vietnam on the "war room" wall. In fact, the map of the District had been there all summer—because of the fear of ghetto riots—and the maps of Vietnam can be found elsewhere in the complex.

The Army Operations Center (or "war room") conjures up an image of diabolical generals sitting at a tremendous table pushing buttons to alter the world's geography to their liking. Actually, it is a suite of connecting rooms, offices and conference rooms in which various Army representatives—logistics, operations, intelligence, manpower and the like—each have compartmented areas. A staggering series of switchboards provides communications potentials which would take a scientist to appreciate: direct lines go everywhere you could want them to. Teletype machines, pneumatic tube systems and electronic data retrieving and processing equipment clutter the tiny rooms, carpeted in ubiquitous Pentagon green.

This is only the Army Operations Center. The Air Force Command Center, the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the National Military Command Systems Support Center, the Washington end of the Moscow "hot line" and myriad other "nerve centers" in the building were not even operationally aware that anything unusual was up at the Pentagon. The claim that Pentagon procedures were hardly modified—and certainly not disrupted—by the demonstration is entirely true.

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To understand this, you have to overcome a misconception about the Pentagon. Too many people think the importance of the Pentagon is a function of its size. It *is* the largest office building in the world, with more than 30,000 employees, both military and civilian. But most of them are engaged in routine: determining which inductees will go to which schools, contracting for hardware, ordering pencils. Untold numbers are involved in serving each other: working in finance, payroll, supplies; rearranging offices; selling food in the cafeterias; picking up garbage; painting and rebuilding. In the basement there is a complete printing plant which turns out much of the Defense Department's classified literature, and at the south loading ramp the pulping plant shreds the same classified literature and turns it into huge bales of ugly gray sludge.

Behind this bureaucracy is the power of the Department of Defense. The Big Brass, virtually all of it, works within the Pentagon. Decisions are made which profoundly affect national policy; it is this focus of decision, not the building's size, which makes the Pentagon critical, symbolically and in fact.

Yet decisions are never made quickly; nor are there more than a few dozen people in the entire Pentagon who make them. Masses of information are tabulated; studies of appalling complexity and irrelevance are made; plans are set forth to cover, on a global scale, "contingencies." We are prepared: when Monaco attacks Gibraltar, we will know what to do. Contingency planning is a favorite sport here, because no one is wrong until the contingency arrives—and when it does, everyone is too involved with the emergency to blame the planners. I have only seen one contingency plan that approached reality: the one for October 21.

When the world's contingencies are prepared in three-ring binders, and the workers have tabulated everything countable, and the computers whir to a brief rest, everything goes to the decision-makers. In major cases, the President is consulted (or consults them). Otherwise, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are military, and the Defense secretary's people, who are civilians, try to thwart each other. Finally, somehow, things are decided. This is not a process which a weekend demonstration, or even a week-long demonstration, can disrupt. In any case, an alternate command center, away from Washington, is always ready. Remember that the Pentagon is fully confident of continuing all its essential operations without interruption in the face of a nuclear warhead exploded in Washington.

At colleges and local draft boards civil disobedience can, indeed, throw the bureaucrats into a panic; but to disrupt the Pentagon by aggressive civil disobedience is a project which, viewed in the light of the Pentagon's countermeasures, is laughable. Even if you accept the challenge posed by the Pentagon's elaborate preparations, you end up, sooner or later, in front of a U.S. marshal.

ON FRIDAY, WHEN THE MARSHALS arrived, they were wearing yellow armbands, white helmets and brandishing new billy clubs. By Sunday night their clubs weren't new. One marshal had a streak of somebody's blood that crossed from one side of his conservative business suit to the other.

These men had worked Selma and the University of Mississippi, strikes, riots, every kind of disturbance. Their work is dealing with mobs. They are all professionals; there are no young marshals, no draftees. They're efficient; they're savage; and *they know the people they face are criminals.*

The marshals handled almost all of the clubbing that was done. Their method, however, was one which, from the outside of the line, made it look as though the soldiers were doing the dirty work. For example: on Saturday night, for reasons no one admits to knowing, a press conference was called inside, and the troops started moving outside. Their purpose was to get the demonstrators off the blacktop in front of the mall entrance. The soldiers walked slowly forward, shoulder to shoulder. The demonstrators, if they were standing, were pushed back. Realizing this, many of them sat down. They were stepped over. The marshals moved in after the troops, clubbing people for "crossing the line," and carried several dozen off to the vans. One demonstrator yelled that if you sat still you couldn't be clubbed. He was wrong.

Even if each demonstrator had been armed with a deuce-and-a-half-ton truck, the marshals would have come out ahead. They use their clubs with expertise, and they don't entertain the qualms MPs have about slugging people. Sometimes they hit with the club fully extended, but hardly ever on the head, because clubs are not light weapons. They hit ribs and arms, and heads only when they can't aim properly. Often they *aim* at a shoulder, which effectively puts a demonstrator out of action, but hit the head (if a marshal aims at your shoulder, don't move; you might get hurt). They also have a method of shortening up on the club and jamming the end of it into the solar plexus.

I have to tell you about a girl who was arrested by the marshals on Saturday night. Four of them carried her to the vans, spreadeagled; they had her skirt bundled up around her waist and her legs wide apart because they were trying to put her into two different vans at once. She was a very pretty girl, not a symbol, not a hippie—but concerned, very scared. It was dark then, about midnight.

When the reporters saw this young girl and caught sight of her panties—I heard someone say "Beaver shot!"—they turned their floodlights on and the cameras started whirring. One reporter ran right up there in between her legs to get a good shot. They'd never use the pictures; no editor in the country would print them. They kicked around the darkrooms for a couple of weeks. Laughs.

Getting arrested at the Pentagon isn't pretty. Even the satisfaction of being a martyr was minimal: arrests were processed at the south loading ramp. Ordinarily that's where they process the Pentagon's garbage.

Tactically, arrest was futile. For civil disobedience on a Pentagon scale to be useful, one of three things must happen. You can come in small numbers, be arrested, and follow through merely as moral witnesses. You can come in large enough numbers to make the authorities look incompetent. Or you can show the authorities to be brutal.

This is not as easy as it seems; despite the undeniable bloodshed on October 21, hardly anyone except the participants came away convinced that the Pentagon had used excessive muscle. This was partly due to advance preparation of the press: they were told more or less what the Pentagon had available, and to be so restrained in the use of it was the government's greatest public relations victory. Yet, for the press, the government took it one step further, and actually tamed the marshals for a while.

On Sunday night, when the deadline expired, those who

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wished to walk to the vans were permitted to do so; and those who refused were carried off with great care. It happened that the vans were loaded directly in front of the press truck.

I was inside the lines, next to the vans, and I could hear the marshals grunt to each other, "Don't throw him, be careful." The order had obviously come down that there was to be no chance for the press to prove police brutality—and there wasn't.

IF THE PENTAGON WAS SHREWD in its handling of the press, the demonstrators were at best indifferent, and frequently contemptuous. Yet many of their leaders claimed that publicity for the cause was a prime reason for the demonstration: something big for the people to see, a step up from hassles with General Hershey's minions at the local boards. A lot of the demonstrators, possibly most of them, hoped to reach the press—and through them the public.

The initial bias of press people I spoke to—who vaguely knew I was "connected with" the Pentagon—was toward cynicism. They knew their material. They were hoping for a bit of violence, because it makes a good story. They were, on the whole, as ready to write about brutal arrests of innocent girls as about the terrible state of American youth, since both make popular reading, despite the fact that the entire fourth estate generally receives from the President and his Defense Department special passes, credentials, admissions, background briefings, off-the-record seminars and periodic wedding invitations. The administration provides untold amounts of ready-made news—and it will be there as a necessary news source when the demonstrators are suburban householders. This demonstration was no exception (with Pentagon press passes). Briefings were helpful, friendly and sympathetic. The authorities outdid themselves to have typewriters, batteries of telephones and every other comfort ready.

Yet, to suppose that the press in general, and the Washington press in particular—men and women whose day-to-day jobs involve listening to an assembly of the best con men in the nation—can be gulled into believing anything the Pentagon wants, is to underestimate the press. They turned their backs on the demonstration not only because of what the Pentagon said, but because of what they saw themselves.

A derogatory label, accurately applicable to the fringes of the demonstration, has been tagged on to the whole affair. The papers tabulated how many panties and bras were discovered all over the Pentagon grass, not how many honest people came, did their thing and left.

Personally, I couldn't care less about a demonstrator's sex life; but he has no business attaching it, like a footnote, to everybody else's protest. And the lovemaking wasn't symbolic, because nobody makes love symbolically. The walls around the place were scrawled with things like, "Johnson fucks." Well, he probably does, but it's not a turn of phrase likely to gather support for his opponents.

Granted that the thousands came purely out of a moral concern. They talked to the soldiers, to the press, to America—and they bored the living daylights out of everyone.

IN A MASS MOVEMENT, the most unexpected thing is individuality. The failure to have one person confront one other person, without the background of tramping feet or chanting in unison, was a major failure of the October demonstration.

I was behind the MP lines during the afternoon, in a relatively quiet spot. The officers and NCOs were maybe 50 yards off, taking a break; nobody was there but those young MPs of the 503rd, shoulder to shoulder.

A girl came over to one soldier and propositioned him in a pretty fair demonstration of barracks language. The gist of it was that if he put down his rifle, she'd let him have it over in the bushes. Of course, none of the soldiers said anything. So, after trying this with several of the boys, she left, calling them all machines and fascists and fairies, and feeling smug.

A Saigon bar girl makes you feel more loved. The girl in Washington was pitting "love"—impersonal—against "war"—impersonal—and ending up with a total failure to communicate. She confused military discipline with inhumanity, and so—as one of the soldiers who listened to her—I must say that she didn't give us half a chance.

A more profitable approach would be: Chat. Rap. Relax. One-to-one offense. Not the Big One: war and peace. The little ones, you and me. The soldier is wary, but curious, especially if the demonstrator is a pretty girl: "My name is . . . I am here because . . . I have done a few things for peace . . . I remember some demonstrations where the soldiers weren't as fair as your group is." Every decent preacher knows a story beats a lecture; you need his interest before you can change his mind. The soldier knows you'll tell him war is bad. He listens when a pretty girl tells him something interesting about herself.

If I seem to speak mostly of girls, it is because during that weekend I didn't hear one male demonstrator who could keep his antagonism out of it. In any case, the soldier will remain impassive—but watch his eyes. They will tell you whether to go on talking—or whether the man has already reenlisted.

A soldier wants to know a girl's name and address. If you have somebody there who can read Army patches, you may be able to find out where he is stationed. Get the addresses of girls in the area who are willing to spend some times with soldiers, and spread the addresses around (if you live in a big city, you can practice by infiltrating the local USO, an altogether untapped gold mine for discreet young pacifists).

Tell the soldier how to contact you, how to reach you on his free time, or at least how to reach a peace group in the area where he is stationed (remember that he can't write things down out there, and passing written information will cause him grief if anyone finds out; the best time to give out information is when the shifts change).

Do not mistake him for a war machine. Preach, degrade, insult—and you lose. Those MPs had been robbed of their weekend passes; they slept on the floor and the Pentagon cafeterias were put off limits. So many sore feet. Soldiers think in simple terms: *Once you attacked, we knew why we were there.*

THE MAJOR OBJECTION TO AGGRESSIVE civil disobedience at the Pentagon is that the Pentagon knows how to handle it. The goal must be, apart from a simple affirmation of dissent, to catch the Pentagon off guard: to amaze it, shock it, jar it into constructive thought.

Morrison's self-immolation accomplished all of these things except the last; the only thought he elicited was how to extinguish crackpots. Thus another element of the approach: the maneuver must not appear to be that of an isolated extremist. A sense of humor will help, together with style (not more moralizing, for everyone in Washington knows that war is bad;

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they have not quite convinced themselves that it is also unnecessary). A successful "attack" on the Pentagon will involve surprise, originality (something left out of the contingency plans) and (for the press) dramatic impact.

Along these lines, my familiarity with the ground and the defending forces has suggested two general approaches, neither of them seriously illegal and neither preventable unless the Pentagon knows in advance the exact time and place of the gesture. For this reason, they cannot take place in conjunction with a major demonstration; in fact, to make surprise possible, these gestures are limited to a few participants. Once they are started, someone should notify every press representative in Washington—with courtesy notification to the FBI and the Pentagon guard office (EX3-7100 and OX7-4151 respectively).

The first gesture might be called the Suburban Napalm Ploy. Well aware of the effect that massive fire can have in the jungle, the Pentagon would probably be stunned by the effect of a little fire in suburbia: specifically, on the access roads which serve the Pentagon. It would take seven expendable autos—the $70 kind that can barely crawl away from the junkyard.

A little advance reconnaissance will tell you when people start leaving the Pentagon; it varies with the season, but the usual time is just before five o'clock. As everyone is leaving, drive into the access roads and have an accident. Then let the car go up in flames.

Have a friend on a motorcycle nearby. Nothing else can leave the scene quickly in Washington's evening traffic. The Pentagon very nearly disrupts itself automatically when everyone tries to go home at once, and a little push would make a big splash. Just one car, abandoned at the "mixing bowl" on Shirley Highway, to the west of the Pentagon, would make a very satisfactory spectacle; but for the perfectionist, here are the seven locations: (1) On the Boundary Channel Road at the corner of the north parking area, near where the speakers' stand was set up on October 21. (2) On the Boundary Channel Road beyond the approach to the river entrance. (3) At the entrance to the bus and taxi lanes running under the concourse. (4) On the roadway between the mall and river entrances, blocking the approach to both. (5) At the west approach to the mall entrance, where the vans of arrested demonstrators departed. (6) At the exit from south parking as it passes under Shirley Highway. (7) At the exit from south parking near the heliport.

The second gesture can be called the My-God-I'm-Patriotic Ploy. At its simplest: Come visit the Pentagon. It's open to the public. Arrive between eight in the morning and six in the evening, Monday through Friday. You can wander through the whole building (except for a few restricted areas, of course).

Variations on this ploy depend on how soon the GSA guards notice your presence. They have a stereotyped impression of pacifists and their appearance, and if you look wrong to them, they will probably try to evict you. At this point you begin to scream about your rights as an American. Know who your congressman is, and demand to telephone him immediately. Call the newspapers. You have the Pentagon in the position of trampling an American's rights, and until you do something illegal you can bring its employees unimaginable publicity and grief. It is hard to imagine, unless you have seen it, the degree of consternation and confusion caused in high Pentagon officials when "obvious Commie rat-bastard pacifists" visit their domain without doing anything illegal.

If you are in the Pentagon during legal hours, the GSA guards may be told to follow you discreetly and to make no moves until you do something naughty. Just keep walking: walk around corners, use the stairs, step into the men's room (if you're a man) or have dinner in the cafeteria (the food is inexcusable). If you are there with friends, split up and meet back at the concourse later on. You'll lose the guard and he will have the whole force looking for you.

If you find yourself in the building after six o'clock, tell the guards you were lost. Play innocent.

If no one challenges you, you can cause a remarkable disturbance by staying inside the building after security hours—six o'clock—when guards are posted at the gate and passes are required to enter or leave. If you dress sedately, you'll never be noticed. If you look unusual, stay in the men's or ladies' room until after closing.

Since anyone is free to enter before six p.m. and leave after eight in the morning, a range of adventures presents itself. Few of the offices will be locked, so you can paint interesting emblems in them; or you can remove all the furniture; or collect used newspapers, crumple them and fill somebody's office with them. Or, of course, you can simply telephone the guard office and challenge them to a game of hide-and-seek. The possibilities are infinite. All you have to know is that anyone can get into the building during the day, and, with a little imagination, play all night. I would discourage ordinary vandalism; to carry the thing out with humor and style would hit the Pentagon in its weak spot and make the impregnable fortress look as silly as it really is.

The peace movement as a whole has mangled its use of the best ready-made symbol going: the American flag. The flag has a violent effect on the emotions of people who have never thought much about what it means and don't even know what America's foreign policy is. There is no excuse for scorning the flag because of a personal opinion of the thing. If a bunch of people walk down the street carrying the flag, people will feel proud of them. If they burn it people will hate them.

The effect on the press—particularly the photographers—and the public of 30,000 American flags advancing on the Pentagon would be overwhelming. A nice gesture afterward would be to walk to Arlington Cemetery and place the flags on some of those new graves.

And how would it look on television for all those marshals to be clubbing little girls with American flags?

Also: telephones. 30,000 telephone calls would tie up the Pentagon better than 300,000 people on the lawn. The Government Printing Office in Washington sells, for about a dollar, Department of Defense telephone books which have every number you need to know. You may not be able to talk to anyone, but neither will anyone else.

In areas where the police are less well prepared, aggressive civil disobedience may be very effective. But at the Pentagon it is always, inevitably, going to fail. The Pentagon is just too well-prepared.

Of course there's always the moral satisfaction of having participated on October 21. It was a significant moral victory for the peace movement, right?

Remember high school, when the football team scored a moral victory?

It meant you lost the game.

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MAR-M 7, 1966 WASHINGTON, D

A Reply to the White Paper

Little Support

I. F. Stone's Weekly

VOL. XV, NO. 29 DECEMBER 4, 1967 WASHINGTON, D. C. 15 CENTS

Westmoreland's Bloody Folly — On Hill 875

Voices From Hell

I. F. Ston

VOL. XV, NO. 6 FEBRUARY 13, 1967

More Than Steel

A Wiretap Inquiry Tha

Don't Look Now, J. Edgar, But Wi

Progress Note

LBJ's Freudian Slip: Invasion of the North

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NLF's Strength (Privately)

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Reviews

I.F. Stone: The Journalist as Pamphleteer

by Sol Stern

I. F. STONE celebrated two birthdays on January 19, 1968—the 15th of his newsweekly, and his own 60th. There were no bouquets from the National Press Club, nor was he honored by one of those perfunctory testimonial dinners which leftish organizations are forever tendering, in a profound mood of despair, to those who have served the cause well. Appropriately, I. F. Stone celebrated with 1200 of his readers in New York's Town Hall, which he rented for the occasion, and he ran the whole show himself.

Stone's weekly has been a striking experiment in journalistic freedom in an age which has witnessed the emergence of journalism as big business. The "important" national columnists and commentators—the Restons, Sevareids and others—have made it less because of their contributions to public enlightenment than because of the powerful institutions for which they work. One cannot imagine any of them, even including Walter Lippman, successfully marketing on a home-fashioned basis their own observations on the Washington scene; one cannot imagine them functioning successfully as journalists without their privileged communications with the seats of power, granted to them mainly because of the influence of the corporate structures for which they work. The price they pay for such power, of course, is imprisonment in the system which it is presumably their professional duty to scrutinize carefully and critically. The big national media, forever ballyhooing the freedoms bestowed by the American system, are in effect that system's own refutation.

Ironically enough, it is I. F. Stone, rather than his more "influential" colleagues, who has proved the virtues of a truly free journalistic marketplace. Working anachronistically as a 19th century entrepreneur, he is one of our few free men. A decade before the new radicals began to talk of the notion, Stone began one of America's most important "counter-institutions," his own newsweekly, now almost an institution in itself in the publishing world.

When Stone's first issue went out to the readers in 1953, its prospects seemed as bleak as the times. General Eisenhower was about to be inaugurated for his first term; Joseph McCarthy had just been appointed to head a Senate investigating committee; American and communist troops were still fighting a bloody stalemate along the 38th parallel in Korea. From Death Row, Sing Sing, the Rosenbergs were appealing to the new President for clemency.

The American left was in its most profound state of disarray since the Palmer raids of the early '20s. Not the least of the casualties was the New York Compass, the second of two short-lived successors to P.M., the newspaper where Stone had first made his reputation as a Washington correspondent.

When the Compass folded, Stone had few options. As a journalist, he had pretty much burned his bridges to respectability behind him when he publicly supported Henry Wallace in 1948, at a time when many of his old liberal colleagues such as Max Lerner and James Weschler were already enthusiastically embracing the Cold War. Stone had become anything but an "insider." A journalistic pariah without a newspaper to work for, he wasn't even a good credit risk. Perhaps if he had trimmed his sails a bit, he could have returned to work for the New York Post, where he had started as an editorial writer in the '30s. But "Izzy" had been spoiled, having always enjoyed the good fortune of writing for publishers who let him have his say.

So it was partly necessity, partly inspiration, that led him to try to make it on his own by selling his reporting through the mails. The major problem was finding the several thousand people who might, in that time of fear, be willing to sustain a radical newsweekly to be delivered to them through the mails at a cost of $5.00 per year. It was, Stone now recalls, "like looking for a needle in a haystack." Luckily, he was able to use the subscription lists of the defunct Compass, where he had gained a considerable personal following, as well as those of a number of other organizations with select radical memberships. It also helped that he had $3500 in the bank—his severance pay from the Compass.

By January 1953, Stone had rounded up 5000 paid subscribers—not a lot, but enough to keep alive during the first tough years. And unspectacularly, without promotional campaigns or publicity, the subscriber list began to grow. Within a short time, Stone had paid off the loans that helped him get started, and he stood unencumbered, the successful bourgeois owner of a tidy little business. The weekly's growth, steady during the '50s, began to accelerate during the '60s. In the last few years, the circulation has almost tripled to its current 38,000. The weekly now grosses over $100,000 per year. Since the costs of the enterprise—other than mail rates and printing—have remained relatively fixed, Mr. Stone's venture is turning a neat profit.

Now, with the hardcover publication of his second collection of essays from

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the weekly, there will be the usual encomiums from the reviewers. Stone will be labeled a "modern Tom Paine," "our last independent journalist," "a gadfly to the Establishment." He will be praised for his irreverence in the same way that during the McCarthy period he was generally dismissed as a partisan of "the other side." It is now clearly fashionable to give Stone his due. Of this turnabout he notes wryly, "It looks like I have graduated from a pariah to a character."

The new book, *In a Time of Torment* (Random House, 463 pp.), is a collection of important, frightening and exhilarating pieces, having all the virtues one has come to associate with Stone's special brand of journalism. But it is a little difficult to define exactly what makes Stone's writing so special. Precise and always clear, it lacks eloquence; and radical ideologists will look in vain for a grand theoretical insight into the nature of American imperialism. Murray Kempton is right when he says in his kindly introduction to the volume, "The argument could be made that the average issue of I.F. Stone's Weekly is more illuminating than the average Sunday edition of the New York Times." If his weekly is more useful than the Sunday Times, it is because Stone himself acts as a guide to the Times which, without him, remains an inert mass of fact. This is Stone's great strength. The Washington press corps is virtually unable to distinguish the important from the trivial, although they are the ones who create our sense of political reality. But it is Stone, pouring through the clippings, reports, congressional hearings and official briefings, who provides the interpretation and the corrective. Stone's weekly might be read as a primer for working Washington journalists, telling them where they went wrong each week.

A case in point is a recent issue of the weekly stimulated by a widely headlined story that the U.S. had moderated its position on negotiations with the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. The origin of the story was a statement by Ambassador Goldberg, testifying in congressional hearings that the U.S. was willing to have the NLF invited to participate in a U.N. Security Council discussion of Vietnam. This was reported by the press as a new concession by the U.S. The story made Stone suspicious and he started digging into the transcripts of the entire hearing. What he discovered was that the U.S. position had actually *hardened* on the question of dealing with the NLF. Stone was able to show that Goldberg's statement of U.S. willingness to have the NLF come to the Security Council was meaningless, since later questioning of Goldberg in the hearings made it clear that his statement could only be understood in the context of President Johnson's earlier and only official statement, which put the matter this way: "The Viet Cong would have no difficulty in being represented and having their views presented if Hanoi for a moment decides to cease their aggression." Thus the U.S. had still not explicitly stated its willingness to negotiate directly with the NLF.

This type of analysis does not make the headlines, but it is an essential corrective to the stories which unfortunately do make the headlines.

There are no oracular insights needed to do that job, Mr. Stone will tell you. He has few if any inside sources in the government, and no one leaks him information. He goes to no dinner parties at the White House or State Department. He rarely even attends press conferences. His principal tools are the published record and the telephone.

¶ When Mr. Stone first started the weekly he got himself an office in downtown Washington. But he soon realized that no one phoned him there with "hot" stories, and he moved back to his small, unpretentious brick frame house in the northwest section of Washington. He works there out of a converted upstairs bedroom and a basement that houses old newspapers and his own bulky clipping file. The walls of his "office" are lined with a few standard reference sources such as Facts on File, U.S. Reports and Keesings Archives Ltd., and a modest library of books on the subjects he most often covers in the weekly. It is also out of Stone's little house that his wife Esther has taken care of the entire business end of the weekly for all of its 15 years.

Mr. Stone's working day begins with the six a.m. delivery of his morning papers—the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, the Washington Post and the Baltimore Sun. With their arrival, he begins the search for the story that might be given a treatment in the next issue. If he sees something that strikes his curiosity he may follow it up by making a few phone calls to an appropriate government agency or a friend on Capitol Hill. Perhaps he will go down to Capitol Hill to look at some recent transcripts of testimony before a congressional committee. In the afternoon, he usually drops in on his favorite magazine stand to pick up the British and French press. All very mundane, but it is a routine that inevitably turns up something useful and otherwise neglected.

His reputation notwithstanding, Stone is not a "radical" in the conventional sense of the word. He does indeed talk of the injustices and public hypocrisies that have beset this country during his Washington tenure, but more in tones of sadness than of anger. Politically, he is an eternal optimist, forever hoping that the system, for all its imperfections, may yet deliver on its promises of a good society. Almost ritualistically, with each new presidential inauguration, Stone comments about some omen of change for the better in the upcoming administration. He saw the early Eisenhower as a man of peace who should be given a chance; and although he did not support Kennedy in 1960, he did see his inauguration as a sign of hope for fresh new alternatives to what had become traditional Cold War policies. In the first issue of the weekly after Kennedy's assassination, he wrote a devastating recapitulation of the new President's past political career, yet was still able to end the essay by saying, "There may be surprises in Johnson and we wish the President luck. The manner and energy of his debut stir hope."

Stone has an almost calculated naïveté about the regenerative powers of American institutions. It is this, more than anything else in his attitudes, that can give his criticism such a corrosive effect. For when Stone makes his case against American policies which have proved to be wantonly inhumane, it comes out not as another shrill polemic, but as a carefully documented record of shattered hopes and promises.

¶ From the Dominican Republic to Malcolm X, there is almost no issue into which Stone has not thrown himself in the last few years. His most recent fight is perhaps best prefaced by a story he likes to tell about himself. During the summer of last year, while convalescing from an illness that forced him to suspend the publication of the

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weekly for a few months, Stone received thousands of get-well messages and letters from his readers. One of them was from a rabbi in Cleveland who wrote that he had been a long-time reader and admirer of Izzy's and that he hoped he would soon be well so that he could resume publication of the weekly. The rabbi ended his letter by saying, "I pray that like Moses you should live to be 120 years." Izzy wrote back to the rabbi: "I don't know about living to 120, but I am already in trouble with the Jews."

There is perhaps no living American reporter who was as intimately and emotionally involved with the creation and struggle for a Jewish state as Stone. He was working in Palestine when the armed struggle against the British began in 1945. One year later he traveled the Jewish underground through the D.P. camps of Europe and spent eight days on a boat illegally in the Mediterranean with hundreds of Jewish survivors of Hitler's concentration camps, running the British blockade into Palestine. His book about that experience was translated into Hebrew and was used by the Israeli Army for troop indoctrination during the war for independence. In 1947, Stone celebrated Passover in a British detention camp on Cyprus. In 1948, he was back in Israel covering the Arab-Israeli war and out of that experience came another sympathetic book. Since then he has made five reportorial trips to Israel. His writings have always supported the efforts of Israel to create a viable Jewish state.

But if Stone, with Nazi Germany indelibly stamped on his mind, was an ardent Jewish nationalist, he also distrusted the extreme Zionist position. After the six-day war, in a long review in the New York Review of Books, in an essay in RAMPARTS and in several issues of his own publication, Stone warned of the dangers to Israel of an all too easy lapse into a posture of militarism and chauvinism toward the Arabs. He argued that Israel must begin, even unilaterally, to make greater efforts at reconciliation with the Arabs. To move in that direction, the Israelis had to come to an understanding that the roots of Arab hostility to the state of Israel lay in real and not in imagined wrongs committed against them.

There was no rancor in Stone's articles. They were no more "pro-Arab" or less "pro-Israel" than anything he had ever written. Indeed, Stone agreed that Israel was forced into preemptive action in the six-day war and that it was unrealistic to expect her to give up the conquered territories short of a negotiated peace with guarantees from the Arabs. What he thought crucial, however, was the Israeli treatment of the Arabs in the occupied territories and the kinds of imaginative plans to be developed for future cooperation and for settlement of the Arab refugees. Ultimately, he argued that the conflict in the Middle East was not a simple David and Goliath story but a historical tragedy—a conflict of two competing nationalisms based on real needs and fed on real injustices.

If the argument seemed directed more toward Israel and Zionism, it was because Stone knew that his readers' sympathies lay in that area and that was where they had to be educated. And if, as some of his critics later charged, there was a big change between what Stone said in 1948 about the state of Israel and what he said in 1967, it could be understood as the difference between a country that stood in physical danger of being stillborn and a country which stood in spiritual danger of falling into the trap of militarism and exclusionism.

The polemical onslaught that descended on Stone was not long in coming. He had stripped away a bit of the moral righteousness and arrogance that has always surrounded the American Zionist movement, and his intellectual credentials for doing so had to be raked over. In the October issue of Midstream, a Zionist journal sponsored by the Theodore Herzl Foundation, there appeared not one, not two, but *three* separate articles—a virtual intellectual gang tackle on Stone. Not to be outdone, Commentary magazine, published by the American Jewish Committee, devoted lead articles in two successive issues to raking Mr. Stone over the coals with largely the same arguments as those already set forth in the articles in Midstream.

Stone's reputation as an independent journalist, of course, is secure enough to survive such onslaughts. Indeed, Mr. Stone, who has never had the inclination for such polemical infighting, is a little oblivious to the whole controversy. He doesn't mind people taking issue with him. He feels he has had his say and others now have the right to theirs. If anything troubles him, it is the thought that the moral complacency and self-righteousness exhibited by Israel's most fervid American supporters will make it more difficult for the self-examination and criticism that Israel needs if she is to find reconciliation with the Arabs.

Stone's criticism of Israel, like his critique of American policy, is a criticism of love, and it is as shameful to charge him with an anti-Israel animus as it was to suggest, as many did during the McCarthy period, that he is anti-American. The irony is that Stone, above all others in the "opposition," has a rather Burkean concern for the social fabric of this society. Speaking to me of the Negro revolution he said, "I don't want to burn this country down. I love it. It's awfully hard to have a decent society. Look at all the new countries—they are awfully hard on their people. I feel we have a pretty good society. In how many countries is there a tradition of a free press?"

These are sentiments that could have been uttered by James Reston, Eric Sevareid or Max Lerner. His "politics" do not distinguish Stone from the mainstream of American journalism. If you ask him, Stone will identify himself as a man of the left and a socialist, but that doesn't really mean very much because he has been, as time allowed, as critical of "socialist" societies and of the left as he has been of mainstream America. In an interview with Tony Howard of the London Observer he replied to the question of whether he would have seen the need for his weekly if there were a successful socialist movement in the United States: "Well, socialist governments have tended to be very disappointing—especially in England I might say. And all governments need independent watchdogs to keep an eye on them."

The image of the journalist as a guardian of the public welfare is a convenient cliche which might find its way into almost any high school journalism class. But few of Stone's colleagues have helped him breathe life back into the platitude. If there were more, we would not now be celebrating the simple achievements of a quiet and unspectacular man who turns out more important copy than the mass of Pulitzer Prize journalists backed up by their monolithic institutions. Izzy Stone has taken upon himself the painful role of watchdog in a time when most of his colleagues bark rarely and bite not at all.

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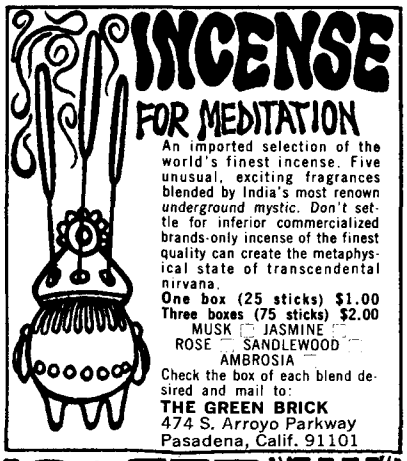

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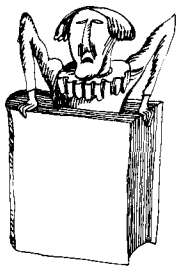

COME AND SEE MY SHINING PALACE. *By Nicholas Samstag. New York: Doubleday. Out of print.*

Reviewed by Nicholas Samstag

YOU'RE NOT REALLY A MAN until you've had your novel pulped. I have—and, take it from me, it's a lot worse than a bad cold.

I called Doubleday not long ago to order 20 copies of *Come and See My Shining Palace* at the author's discount (thought I'd give them to some masochistic friends for Christmas).

"I'm sorry; we have no more of that title," said the cheery-throaty miss I usually talk to when replenishing stock. I knew that Shiny Pal hadn't been selling like *Valley of the Dolls* but it's out less than a year and the reviews were good.

"Oh, well," I said, swallowing a sob. "Give me the name of one of the outfits remaindering it somewhere around New York."

There was a short pause. "Maybe I'd better ask Mr. Barker to call you back," the voice said, more throaty, less cheery.

"You know," said Mr. Barker the next day, "we don't remainder anymore. It doesn't pay with all that packing and shipping and billing and stuff."

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LEFTISTS PONDER CONVENTION MOVE

May Demonstrate Against Johnson's Renomination

By JOHN LEO

Leaders of the New Left are contemplating a massive anti-Johnson demonstration at next summer's Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

The National Conference for New Politics, a loose coalition of civil rights and peace activists, said in a seven-column advertisement on page 7 of section 4 of today's New York Times that it was determined to convince professional Democratic politicians that President Johnson must be denied renomination.

The liberals and radicals who make up the conference view the expense and psychological drain of Mr. Johnson's Vietnam policies as the primary obstacles to solving problems of race and poverty in America.

"If necessary," the ad said, "we are also prepared to help mobilize the largest demonstration this country has ever seen. It would descend upon the National Democratic Convention in Chicago as a final reminder to the delegates of the strength of the opposition."

The ad was signed by the conference's co-chairmen, Dr. Benjamin Spock, the pediatrician, and James Rollins, a Negro community organizer in St. Louis.

Dr. Spock said yesterday that the aim would be to gather 100,000 adults and 100,000 teenagers outside the International Amphitheatre during the convention in Chicago in the last week of August.

Still in 'Talk Stage'

"The suggestion came from the New Politics people in Chicago," said Dr. Spock. "So far, it hasn't got beyond the talk stage, but we expect it will."

In Chicago, Paul Booth, a former officer of Students for a Democratic Society, who is also a former board member of the National Conference for New Politics, said that sentiment for the demonstration was high in Chicago and around the country.

"There's no committee yet, and no call has gone out, but everybody is going on the assumption it will happen," he said. "It's an obvious thing to do."

The amphitheatre is on the fringe of a Negro area southwest of the downtown Loop, and many Democratic politicians fear that the convention may be marked by racial disorder.

Dr. Spock said he did not believe that a massive New Left demonstration would increase chances of a riot.

"I can't think of a reason why we would be inflammatory in this sense," he said. "Our demonstration would involve no violence or civil disobedience."

But Mr. Booth was not so certain the demonstration would be a passive one.

"That's one of the topics under discussion," he said.

Jacob M. Arvey, national committeeman for Illinois, told newsmen in October that Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago had overcome apprehensions of the National Democratic Committee by convincing it that the potential for racial disorder in Chicago was low and that any demonstrations at the convention would be orderly.

Although the ad in today's Times gave primacy to the need to deny President Johnson renomination, the man who wrote it said the demonstration mentioned would be "primarily concerned" with gaining official convention representation for the all-Negro Mississippi Freedom Democratic party delegation.

At the 1964 convention, this group unsuccessfully sought the seats of the regular Mississippi delegation, calling it unrepresentative and the product of irregular nominating procedures.

William Pepper, executive director of the National Conference for New Politics office in New York, said: "We're primarily concerned with getting the M.F.D.P. seated. If necessary, we will put the delegates under enormous pressure to do it."

Johnson vs. Reagan?

God help us.

One of them ran as a peace candidate in 1964 and got 43 million Americans to vote for him. Since then, he has done everything but invade North Vietnam and use nuclear weapons. And the other one accuses him of holding back.

This could be your choice of candidates in '68. Or, if we get lucky, it'll be Johnson vs. Nixon. In any case, do not expect a peace candidate from the Republican Party. Mr. Johnson would call him "Ho Chi Minh's candidate" for whom a vote would be betrayal of our men overseas. The Republican Party isn't likely to put itself in this position.

Perhaps you are tired of it all.

All the thrashing around of the many protest groups has created a necessary climate of protest. And given courage to Congressmen. But, the war continues.

This reality has created unity in a large segment of the protest movement. Groups in all parts of the country have decided that the hour is too late to permit individual differences to interfere with the job of stopping Mr. Johnson.

One result is the National Conference for New Politics. Because of the unity we have achieved we believe it is possible that the presidential nomination can be denied to Mr. Johnson at the Democratic National Convention in August, 1968.

First we'll tell you who we are, then we'll tell you how we believe it can be done.

The Co-Chairmen of the National Conference for New Politics are Dr. Benjamin Spock of New York and Mr. James Rollins of St. Louis. NCNP has on its Executive Board persons from organizations like Women Strike for Peace. The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Plus organizations like Vietnam Summer and many others you've never heard of. We are also allied with militant Negro groups. In fact, NCNP is the only organization in the United States with which many of the Negro militants are willing to work constructively for devising alternatives to violence.

What are we capable of achieving?

Let's get down to the nuts and bolts of the '68 election. Note these 12 Southern states and their electoral votes:

Alabama	12
Florida	14
Georgia	12
Kentucky	9
Louisiana	10
Maryland	10
Mississippi	7
North Carolina	13
South Carolina	8
Tennessee	11
Virginia	12
West Virginia	7

TOTAL: 125 electoral votes
(270 are needed for a majority)

Mr. Johnson needs these states to win in '68. The South has always been vital to the Democratic Party. This is especially true now that Mr. Johnson has alienated a great deal of voter support in the northern cities. It is hard to conceive of a Johnson victory without all, or most of, these 12 states.

But the South isn't solid anymore. Mr. Johnson has to get a high percentage of Negro votes in these states where they account for between 20% and 40% of the total registered voters.

But this voting bloc cannot be manipulated by Mr. Johnson or anyone else. Negroes have their own organizations, such as the Freedom Democratic Parties, that grew out of their own struggles. If, in order to advance their cause, they decide to run a Negro and white presidential ticket in the Southern states, Mr. Johnson could lose the entire South. And hence the election.

We are not saying this will be done; only that it can be done. Depending on what happens at the Democratic National Convention, it may not be necessary. (But *somebody* is worried. Senator Eastland of Mississippi is one.)

In other states, NCNP is promoting third ticket candidates. We welcome the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota. He offers serious hope for another choice within the Democratic Party. And while we are not depending on him, local New Politics organizations could be very helpful to his undoubtedly small staff. Some New Politics organizations are already supporting delegates to the Democratic National Convention who oppose Mr. Johnson's nomination.

All of this activity has one major purpose. It is *not* to impress Mr. Johnson. He's too hard to impress. Our aim is to impress the professional Democratic politicians all across the country. Once they are convinced that Mr. Johnson cannot win, and can only hurt them, they will have a vested interest in dropping him. This is the *only* way he can be stopped. The message has already begun to come across in the '66 and '67 elections, in which the Democrats have suffered grievously.

If necessary, we are also prepared to help mobilize the largest demonstration this country has ever seen. It would descend upon the National Democratic Convention in Chicago as a final reminder to the delegates of the strength of the opposition. And of their moral and legal obligation to seat the Mississippi and other Freedom Democratic Party delegates.

It's unfortunate.

This should be a constructive, creative time in our lives.

We could be solving problems in this country that have never been solved before. Anywhere. The problems of freedom and equality for everyone. The problems of poverty. Of education. Of disintegrating cities. There's no shortage of imagination in this country. All of these problems are solvable.

This is where we want to put our energies. This is what NCNP has plans for. We want to organize on the local and state levels, dealing with local issues. We want to help rid this country of the awful problems it has. We wish we did not have to spend our time organizing a march on the Democratic National Convention. But our lives have been blighted by a president who has misused his power. He is the first problem, and he has to go.

We think we can help nudge him towards retirement, but it takes money and we are asking for some of yours. We promise to spend it intelligently and for the good of all.

PLEASE CLIP AND SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TODAY!

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250 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

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Benjamin Spock, M.D. — James Rollins
Co-Chairmen

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"Well—what do you *do* with the books?"

"We—er—pulp them," he said. (It was to his credit that he seemed a little hesitant.)

"You *what!?*"

"Yes. We pulp them. And when we have enough collected, we sell a carload of pulp to the mills. We pulped your book—let's see—six weeks ago."

There was some profanity and then I said in icy, measured tones, "Wouldn't it have been considerate—merely decent of you—to have telephoned me first to ask if I wanted to buy 100 copies or so? After all, it's only a local call."

"Hey! That's a good idea!" said Barker, as if I'd just invented the wheel. "Maybe our authors would *like* that. But you know—?"

"What do I know?" I asked with murder in my heart.

"If you want some copies, you can always advertise for them."

I told him to go pulp himself.

WHO RULES AMERICA? *By G. William Domhoff. New York: Prentice-Hall. 184 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by Todd Gitlin

ONCE IN A WHILE, perhaps in a random quest for self-justification, American political science stumbles upon an issue that matters. Such an issue is the question of the basis and distribution of power in America. But for obvious reasons this is a dangerous thicket for men who profess knowledge mostly to gild the American political system with prestige and legitimacy.

In the dark '50s, David Truman, David Riesman, John Galbraith, Talcott Parsons and minor cheerleaders kept the grandstands roaring with invocations to the complexity, the availability, the fair and open-handed balance of power. At bottom this was—like McCarthyism—a back-glancing assault on the left-wing thinking of the '30s. Galbraith's homily, *American Capitalism*, was typical: the corporations admittedly had dominated the political economy way back when, but we are oh so much older now, and the unions and the welfare state have become "countervailing powers," key checks and balances. (Galbraith now seems to have recanted; the '60s are different.) Riesman's "veto groups"—rival private lobbies and congressional caucuses—and others' "interest groups" were said to have dispersed power beyond the monopoly of any small elite. The political moral was simple: if anyone feels deprived, he need only organize his peers into a new interest group, get into the game and stop griping. Like everyone else—General Motors and the Farm Bureau, for instance—he will get some of what he wants.

Into this happy political grove in the free enterprise Elysium crashed C.Wright Mills with a nasty theory and some even nastier facts. In *The Power Elite* (1956) Mills sorted available information on the leaders of the triple pillars of society—government, corporations and the military—and discovered among them a great interchangeability, a common upper-class background and intertwined interests in corporate prerogative and the Cold War. Marxist critics like Paul Sweezy ("Power Elite or Ruling Class?", 1956) maintained that the corporate directorships composed in fact a ruling class, to which Mills' other hierarchies were no more than auxiliary. But the main hue and cry was to Mills' right, not his left. He was accused of failing to specify the limits of elite power, of arguing circularly from the existence of key hierarchies to their power in practice, of neglecting Congress's ability to enact welfare legislation and of omitting the political parties from his calculus of control.

Mills' most consistent and empirically-minded adversary has been Yale political scientist Robert Dahl, whose study of New Haven (*Who Governs?*, 1961) claimed to prove that power over three central processes in that city—political nominations, education and urban renewal—was dispersed among separate, middle- (not upper-) class groups, no one of them close to being omnipotent. While Dahl has not tackled the question of national power, his students and admirers (e.g., Arnold Rose, *The Power Structure*, 1967) have transplanted his case-study approach to the national level, and believe they have at last exorcised the Millsian demon and restored the study of American politics to its civics-book normalcy.

They have indeed held the loyalty of the political science profession, but they are starting to be besieged by all manner of upstarts from other academic compartments. It has now fallen to a young psychologist—of all things—to quiet the latest round of ritual applause for American power with a brief but effective argument. G. William Domhoff, an assistant professor at the University of California (Santa Cruz), has stood Robert Dahl on his head. And beyond Mills he has restored some needed credentials to the position that America is ruled by a tiny, interwoven minority—a ruling ("governing") class.

His starting point is the national upper class, defined in social terms—a clearly demarcated class of intermarrying social, rather than economic, equals. In marvelously anal fashion, enough to silence any quibbling empiricist, Domhoff devotes three and a half pages to the qualifications for membership in this privileged five per cent of the population: listing in a social register, attendance at certain prep schools, membership in select clubs, certain family relations to business wealth, mention in Cleveland Amory's high-society chronicles. This method is what one academic sect calls "stipulative definition"—definition by clear criteria—and it is ironbound. It turns out, to no one's surprise, that the people recognized by these lights make up a national upper class based on business wealth.

It remains to be proven, then, that this upper class rules the country. Domhoff therefore sets out to show that the upper class "owns a disproportionate amount of the country's wealth, receives a disproportionate amount of the country's income, and contributes a disproportionate number of its members to the controlling institutions and key decision-making groups of the country." Power, after all, is the ability to get what you want.

But the force of Domhoff's argument—and he reels it off painstakingly and persuasively—is weakened by his minimal criteria for the interests of the upper class. The upper class at its most enlightened has sometimes been coaxed—temporarily, of course—into lessening the disproportion of its income and wealth.

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* organize draft resistance unions in high schools and poor and working class communities
* combat the use of American universities for military and para-military oppression of insurgent people — at home and abroad
* struggle against racism among whites by radical community and labor organizing in poor and working class communities
* engage middle class adults in a fight for their own freedom from the powerlessness and alienation of life and work in corporate America.

Those who own and control politics in America (from Reagan to RFK) do not reward movements opposing their policies. Opposition and forces for radical change grow only when individuals, joining together and relying on their own resources, decide that action is necessary. In the face of increasing harassment and repression, a resistance movement has already begun. We need your political, moral, and financial support.

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"How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it.... In other words, when...a whole country is overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army. . . . There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to . . . the war . . . who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing.... They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret.... What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn. . . . If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood."

—Henry David Thoreau,
Civil Disobedience, 1849,
commenting upon
American involvement in the
Mexican War.

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When they compromise in this fashion, or even declare their willingness to do so, they must have some other, more pressing interest in mind.

Later in the book, Domhoff offers a clue, without incorporating it into his fundamental definition. He exhibits a marvelous quote from Joseph P. Kennedy, talking about the Depression: "I am not ashamed to record that in those days I felt and said I would be willing to part with half of what I had if I could be sure of keeping, under law and order, the other half." The meaning Domhoff attaches to this revelation is that "a very wealthy upper class which makes concessions remains a wealthy upper class." But another meaning—generalizing Kennedy's personal greed to include the class as a whole—is that *the prior interest of the upper class is to retain the system—corporate capitalism—which makes it as upper a class as possible.* This seems obvious, but notice the consequence: the *purpose* of its control over key institutions (Domhoff's third criterion) is then to secure that system—by dampening and taming real or potential opposition, and by training new stewards.

Without making this point explicit, Domhoff is unable to explain the prevalence of counterrevolutionary ideology at the very core of the nation's political culture. Were he more a Marxist—and more a psychologist!—and not so bound to the terms and conventions of the academic wizardry he so neatly punctuates, he could have told us more about the ideological dimension of control. But he is caught (though wriggling manfully) in the American prejudice for compartmental knowledge and against unified theory—as if to say, I'm just talking about power; ideology is somebody else's bag.

But he needs it to fill his own bag. When he proceeds to document upper-class domination of the economy with a thorough review of the literature on concentration of stock ownership, director control over management and inequality of income, he is on firm enough ground. When, however, he looks for upper-class control over the institutions of philanthropy, education, the mass media and what are so disingenuously called "opinion-making" outfits (Council on Foreign Relations, Business Advisory Council, etc.), the flaw in his definition opens considerably. All he can prove is that these institutions are led by upper-class members and that they "attempt to be influential."

Domhoff limits himself to proving upper-class domination of the key social outposts; he does equally well with the Executive branch of government, updating Mills' work on the control of key outposts—State, Defense, Treasury, the Presidency itself—by what Mills called the "political outsiders," men from Wall Street, the great corporations and the like. And he supplements Mills with some good hard data on big-business financing of both political parties.

The military, the CIA and the FBI are lesser outposts for the power elite—a sort of Marxian "executive committee of the ruling class" who *are* reliable by upper-class origin or *become* reliable after filtration through upper-class-controlled institutions. (Thus McNamara became an upper-class agent at Ford, Rusk at the Rockefeller Foundation.) This approach avoids Mills' *a priori* selection of the military as a pillar of the power elite, but lacks Mills' sensitivity to the nuances of Pentagon power via the military mentality and the dictum of the defense dollar. Domhoff here underplays military authority by paying too close attention to formal decision-making bodies (the National Security Council, from which the military are barred by statute), but in his own way buttresses Sweezy's notion that the military are subservient. The military's purpose is to protect and extend the realm of corporate property; they have their own means. As with the CIA, when the overall tone of policy is set by upper-class ideology, autonomous power is limited. When there are hundreds of agencies and foundations doing the work of the CIA and the Pentagon, some higher power, some surrounding and suffocating ideology must be involved.

An essential question, though, is left unconsidered. Foreswearing a Marxian theory of history, or even Mills' historical sweep, Domhoff is unable to say how the upper class and its power elite might be dislodged. Perhaps this is not his interest; he is not judging the *quality* of American rule, only describing its *workings*. He seems to believe, in fact, that policy differences in the ruling class (whether to bomb all of Vietnam or just the South) guarantee some sort of democracy, in a competition for the loyalty of passive masses. But a falling-out among thieves, while it may provide an opening wedge for the cops, is no guarantee of the sanctity of property.

Finally Domhoff must face the question so movingly put to Mills: you have painted such a grim picture; you have painted the people into a corner; it is all so hopeless to think of cracking such a well-entrenched, self-reproducing oligarchy. In order to allow the possibility of a different order, a theory of the power elite must reckon with the elite's lapses—at least its ideological holes, its generation of insurgent blacks and angry, or "loving" youth, its shrinking legitimacy at many levels. If the theorist believes these are merely bubbles in the settling mold, or that ideology doesn't matter, he has the responsibility to say so. If, on the other hand, he sees signs of crackup, structural or ideological, he should pinpoint them. Political scientists have only studied the structure; the point is to subvert it.

Still, Domhoff has studied it well. The unjudged fact is still a blow, if a glancing one, against smug American mythologies.

Todd Gitlin has an M.A. in political science from the University of Michigan. He is working on a book about the white poor and community organizing in Chicago.

Movies:

A TRIANGULAR LOOK AT THE COMEDIANS

by G.M. Feigen

HAITI IS THE CARBUNCLE of the Caribbean. Graham Greene walked around it in his novel *The Comedians;* MGM used it for color in its movie of the same name. The carbuncle remains, untouched by either. Papa Doc sits in his purulent palace, much more of a real-life terror than the shadowy figure of the book and the film.

I visited Haiti during the period described in *The Comedians.* I stayed at the

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same hotel, the marvelous, tired, Victorian Olaffson; I occupied the same suite as the Smiths; I was greeted with effusion by M. Jolicoeur, the journalist Petit-Pierre of the novel. I saw an authentic Voodoo ceremony in the mountains at Kenscoff, visited the hospital, the government buildings, and spent two hours with Papa Doc, the people's choice. I was driven around by a Tonton Macoute who owned an ancient taxi. I don't know why I expected an honest representation from either Greene or MGM. Maybe it was because the horrible reality of the island has a literary and cinematic punch. I had hoped for an honest treatment.

Misery has been normal for Haiti, but under the leadership of Duvalier, the island has subsided into a hopeless mess, stewing indolently because of total fatigue. There is no opposition, except in the minds of a few. There is no revolution, and no possibility for one. The Tontons Macoutes, so highly touted in the book and movie, are armed slobs who control by intimidation. They hang around the airport, the markets and stores, snooping. They act as if their "intelligence" work were moonlighting. The people have no weapons. All munitions are in Duvalier's basement; only the military, the Secret Police and the Tontons have guns. An occasional attempt at revolt by handfuls of men at the Dominican border are crushed by Papa Doc. He leaves none of them alive.

The coffee crop is failing, the market for sisal has slumped; there is no industry, no tourism, no new capital investment. Even the U.S., which usually tolerates a carbuncle if it is anti-communist, canceled a $7.6 million aid program because they discovered that the money was being diverted to the construction of Duvalierville, the unfinished microBrasilia which is decomposing in the tropical sun.

Duvalier is a stocky man, less than totally negroid in color and feature. He is gracious, jovial and intelligent, and exudes charisma. He showed me his library, and several personal monographs on the eradication of yaws in Haiti. But in his dignity there is menace —the calm of the powerful, the gentleness of the ruthless. Duvalier is a pathological liar. He believes his lies. He told me he had given his people self-determination, and they had determined to elect him President for life. He hoped that now that I had been there and seen how peaceful and inspiring Haiti was, I would be able to relay this to the American people. He is a downhill-hurtling paranoid who will be stopped only when he hits bottom.

Now about the novel. Greene has fattened up a Maugham-like short story into an introspective book whose main character, a half-English former con man, muses about man's helplessness and the futility of causes. Greene must have visited Haiti, but he gives no evidence of using the island for anything but a dramatic background. He selects his Haitian material in smorgasbord fashion; his Duvalier could have been any dictator in any police state.

The introduction and development of the characters proceed on a cargo vessel bound for Port-au-Prince and Santo Domingo. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the proselytizing vegetarians, are contrived "comedians" who emerge after all as enviable because they have a cause. Mr. Smith's having been a "presidential candidate" on the Vegetarian ticket in 1948 is well used in dealing with the absurd. Major Jones, the fraudulent phony, is skillfully drawn. He acts out his lies with the cyclic courage of a man with false credentials.

The main character, Brown, is dealt out in long first-person analyses of feelings and motivations. He comes to Haiti to take over the hotel from his never-married mother, the description of whose death *in coitu* at an advanced age is a literary and cardiac blunder. Brown has an affair with the wife of a minor South American ambassador; it is a sexual farewell to contention, a sullen mixture of fornication and querulous jealousy. The woman, Martha, is a German whose father was executed at Nuremberg. Brown belays her with her Germanism whenever, in his petulance, he has no other pin.

Out of Greene's "suspense yarn" MGM put together a movie which provides color, two hours of violence and inexcusable miscasting. Alec Guinness had to exhaust his dramatic talents to make his Major Jones believable. Elizabeth Taylor, as Martha, gives the character more depth than Greene did. She looks like a somewhat adipose voluptuary, too good an actress to be wasted on a two-dimensional character. Peter Ustinov as the cuckolded ambassador is the most virile and attractive male in the group. Richard Burton as Brown can only smoulder, speak sarcastically to the overdressed and overplayed Macoute, and paw his mistress, as if at least in those passionate moments of interlocking he will not be altogether visible. Miscasting was not enough; Greene, who also wrote the screenplay, changed the script to eliminate the tragically whimsical redemption of Jones, substituting Brown. Instead of slinking off to Santo Domingo and becoming an undertaker, Brown becomes the rebel leader.

The movie deals quite frivolously with the tragedy of Haiti. It goes for violence as aphrodisiac, reddening the footage with blood. In the book, a Dr. Magiot is shot while fleeing the Tontons; in the movie his throat is slashed with a scalpel while he is doing surgery, and he falls dead over the anaesthetized patient. The operating room has been jazzed up to look like Johns Hopkins. The Tontons Macoutes are displayed in continual open violence, acting like a black Mafia. The Voodoo scenes are not saved by the *houngan* biting off the head of a rooster; there is too much light, the clothes are too clean, and the tribal frenzy is lost in an attempt to chunk in every bit of Voodoo-Catholic iconic and procedural material.

The whole thing is played for action—like so many TV and cinema plots. The film misses the whole point of Greene's novel—that we are all "comedians" helplessly playing out our fate, half hoping to find something to die for. If the film company had stuck to the book, there would have been more than enough action. If Greene had stuck to the reality of Haiti. . . .

Okay, they used Haiti merely for background. So what? Haiti is dying. Its beggars are not deformed as shown in the film. They are miserable, undernourished Haitian citizens slowly perishing from want of food and medical care, too tired to think, much less protest. There is no money; the International Fund credit is exhausted. The whorehouse is closed. Duvalier is drawing his wagons into a circle, hoping to fight to the last soldier, unable to trust even his troops.

Only intervention from the outside can bring this carbuncle to a head and drain it. Who will do it? The OAS? The United Nations? There aren't enough communists there to bring intervention from the United States. The neighboring Dominican Republic frowns on Haitian

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"Indeed, engaged and humane as Stone is, what he finds truly upsetting is the moral muddle of our times, the inane chicanery of our leaders, the obtuseness of their vision. Like an enlightened conservative, he warns us of the deluge: 'We are, let us remember, the rich man in a huge hemispheric slum' – and the audience nods and does nothing. Malcolm X, Vietnam, China: the reportage is shrewd, lively, combative, completely readable. Yet there's an underlying mournful strain, as if Stone doubted now the power of common sense or 'facts'."—*Kirkus' Service*

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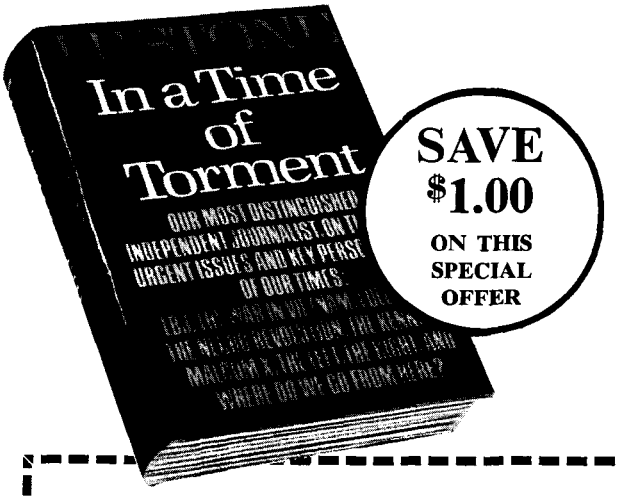

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refugees. If ever there was a cry for Christianity as process, it is coming from Haiti. Somewhere out of the vast, confused outside, surely something can be done before this teeming little country drowns in its own suppuration. That is why I kept hoping as I read Greene's book, and saw the movie, that in these acts of creativity there might be social responsibility. I had no right to expect it. But I had the right to hope.

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS:
A celebration

by Nancy Weber

THE DELINEATION OF national characteristics is properly the province of racists and sociology majors; but who would be so pure as to dispute that, in addition to being uniquely incapable of producing a decent national bread, America is different from all other countries in believing that life is a serious business, that there is right and wrong, good and evil, white and black?

Ayn Rand, Mickey Spillane and Robert Heinlein celebrate this quality; most of us are embarrassed for ourselves and seek salvation in such nothing-is-better-than-anything-else games as pop and camp. But Mary Worth will outlive all parodies of Mary Worth. One of these evenings "As the World Turns" will be shown on prime time.

One might argue that soap opera is valuable only because, being junk, it is the true material for television, the junky medium. This is to miss the point. Soap opera is our Greek tragedy; it has its structural rules, its calculated effects, its clearly defined place among the arts. There is something to be said for Shakespeare and Lillian Hellman, but soap is the first perfect theatrical art form since the *deus ex machina* boys ran the show.

Now there is "Valley of the Dolls," a beautiful movie, and soap is free at last of the confines of TV, alive and well in wide color on the living screen.

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Forget about Jacqueline Susann's no-class novel. The movie version of *Valley of the Dolls* is no more about ladies who take pills to wind them up and turn them off than *Prometheus Bound* is about a guy who played with matches. This is a story of people who are good at heart and people who are bad at heart. This is a story of love, death, compassion, destruction, courage, fear, generosity, fatal egotism. This is a story of an interlinking of lives by the mysterious workings of the world, yet it is a clear statement that we are what we make ourselves. Here are plot, story, suspense; here is also a movie made of moments so independent of the plot that, on seeing the movie a second time one chokes, tenses, weeps in the same places one did the first time. This is art that is perfect of its kind.

Helen Deutsch and Dorothy Kingsley have turned out a tough, tight screenplay completely free of the snickering, smuttiness and dragginess that make the novel such a bore. The talk sounds like talk, and the action is there when it ought to be. There are still the central stories of three girls rising and falling in New York and Hollywood, but now they are flesh, now it matters whether or not they make it, how, why.

The film was perfectly paced by director Mark Robson. What the script needed was a director who was professional, serious, kind and totally without style; that's what it got.

The acting is not consistently of the caliber of daytime television—which has so many gut performances by young off-Broadway actors and actresses who haven't yet been trimmed to someone else's size—but much of it is good.

The best of the three girls is Patty Duke in the best role, that of Neely O'Hara, the singer who goes from nowhere to nowhere via the top. Her face is mobile, she has a walk which is as good a mirror of the state of her being as any Hollywood walk, she knows how to throw her hard little voice around, and she is high priestess of the shrug.

Barbara Parkins, a graduate of TV soaps, has few lines per foot of appearance on the screen, so it is less a matter of acting the part of nice Anne Wells than modeling clothes, smiles, hair-do's, virtues: she is that certain girl from Peck & Peck who stares up at you from the New York Times and announces that she prefers picnics to cocktail parties. Except that the Peck & Peck girl is the last

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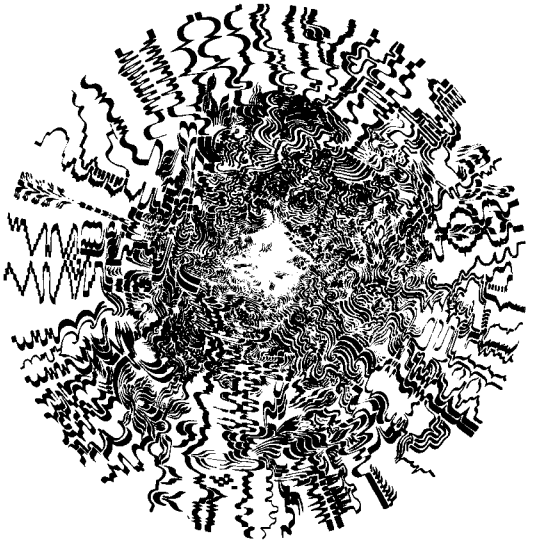

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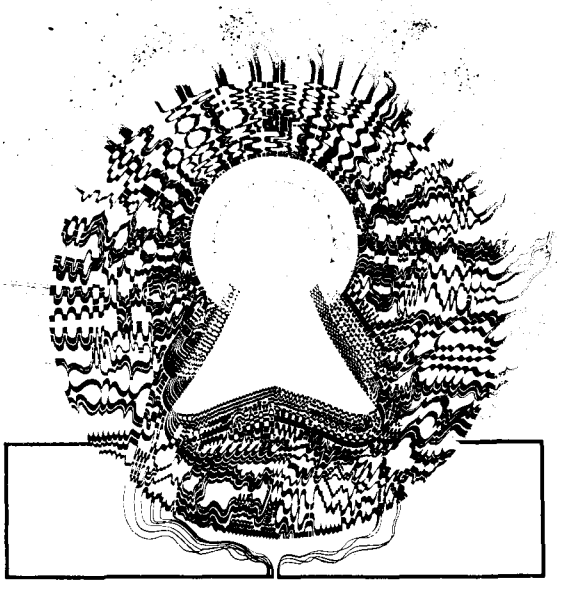

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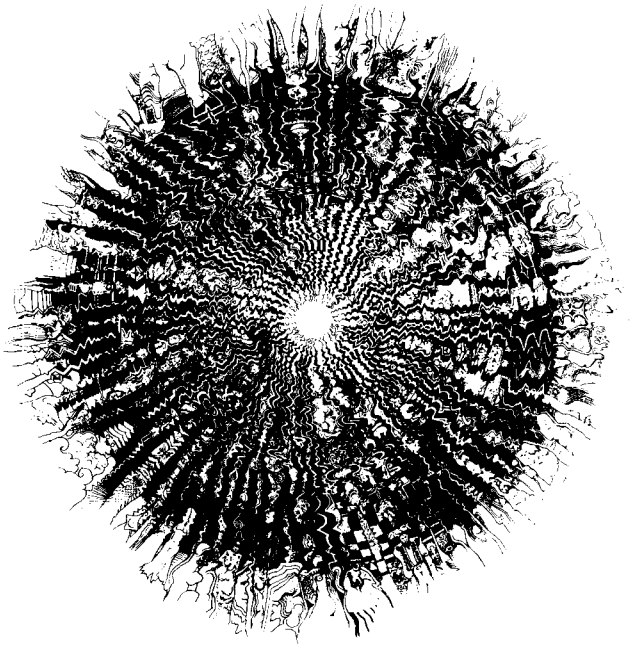

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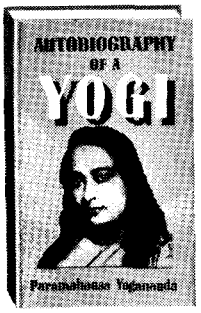

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virgin in New York, while Anne, in her own lady-like way, knows what to do on a picnic. Unfortunately, she is given a terrible exit scene: New England is better than this, and so is she.

As for Sharon Tate as Jennifer North, sexpot, here is an almost poetically complete absence of acting talent, yet an amazing projection of lovingness, warmth, niceness. Which is also the part that she plays, and perhaps she does it better than someone who could have actually played it. Still, one is occasionally embarrassed for her, mostly because she does not have the kind of beauty required for the role of the dumb blonde with heart of pre-Pound-deflation gold.

Susan Hayward is strong as an older singer, especially in her last scene with Paul Burke, playing a theatrical agent and sexy uncle-figure. The men in the cast cannot be discussed in a review which wants to be a rave. Let it only be said that Burke has gained 15 pounds and lost 15 per cent of his hair since "Naked City," and it was a mistake.

The songs by Dore and Andre Previn are fine; they are not merely title or background songs, they contribute to the advancement of the plot in the manner of a song in a good musical. "Come Live with Me" has splendidly melancholic lyrics; the "Valley" theme song is just this side of being inspirational.

What makes the movie succeed as a whole is, as it must be in this kind of picture, something that cannot be attributed to story, dialogue, direction, acting, visuals: there is a richness, a moral sensibility, that is more than a sum of parts. Perhaps it's that the film makes very clear what is right, what is wrong, who is good, who is bad, yet rewards and punishments are not handed out accordingly. So along with this almost simplistic American elevation of virtue and castigation of virtuelessness there is a highly sophisticated recognition—remarkable because one does not expect this from Hollywood—that the good are not always blessed with happiness, and the bad do not always die. Does Ingmar Bergman know more than this?

Nancy Weber, a free-lance writer who has contributed to Esquire and McCall's, supported this expensive habit last year by turning out 150 scripts for Canadian TV.

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